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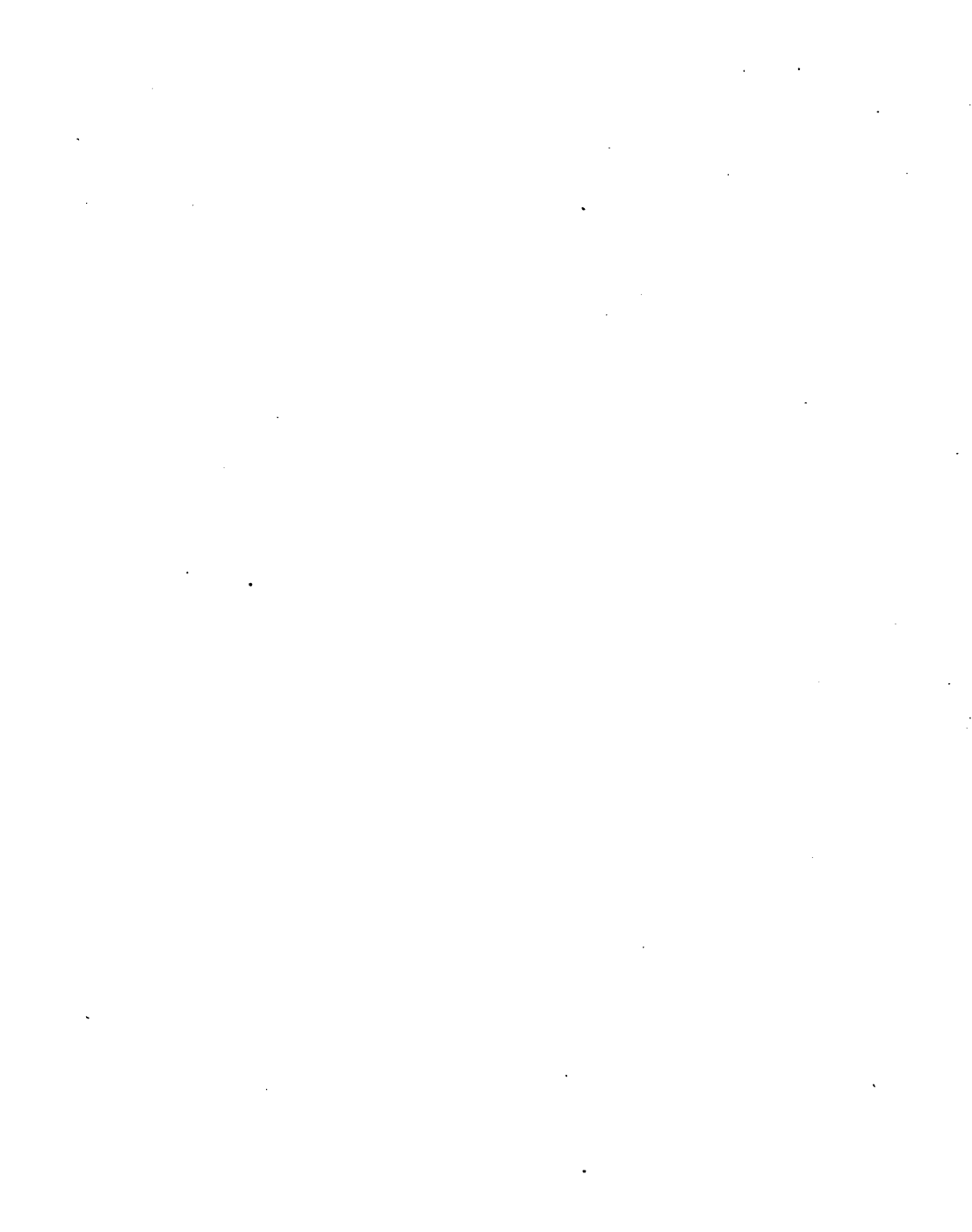
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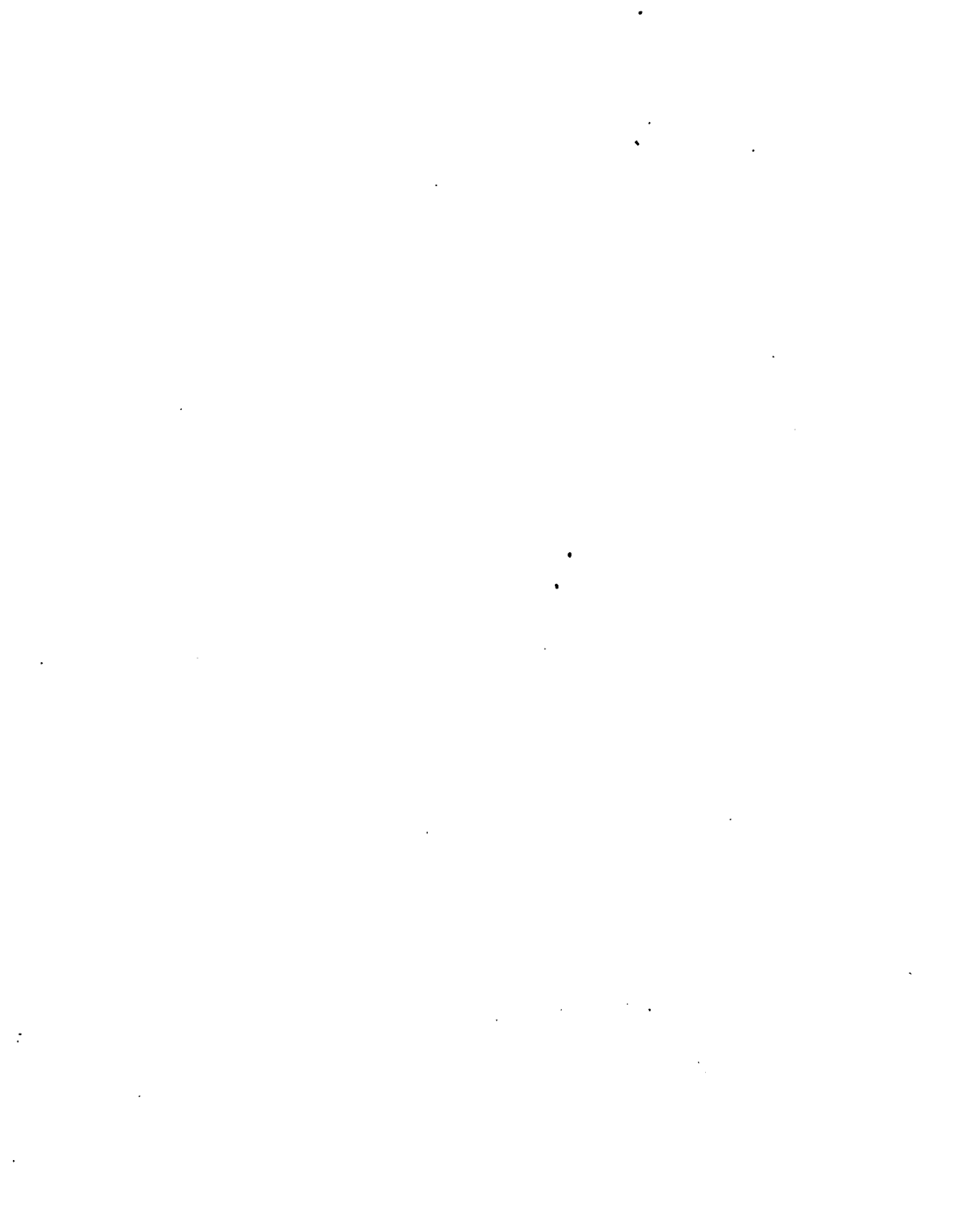
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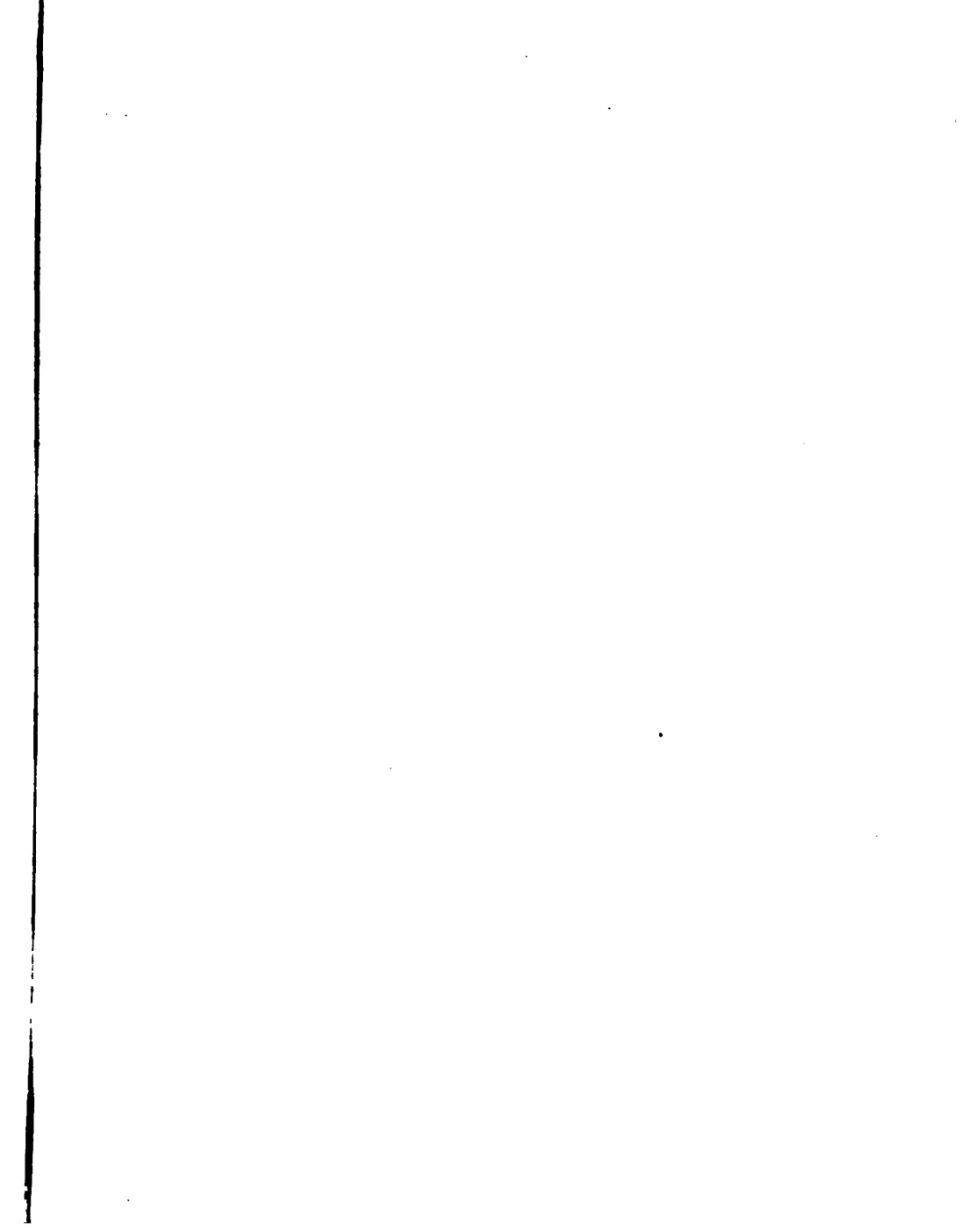
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THE SPIRIT OF '76

THE
CHARACTER BUILDING READERS

BY

ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER, Ph.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULTURE READERS"; JOINT AUTHOR OF THE
"WARD RATIONAL READERS"

EIGHTH YEAR
SELF AND DUTY



HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE

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INTRODUCTION

In the Character Building Reader for Eighth Year the effort is to focus the thought engendered in previous numbers upon character study and *self-building* as a conscious and earnest pursuit for life.

In previous numbers, though every selection has directly or indirectly subserved the purpose of the series, the teaching has been addressed partly to the subconscious mind. Pieces that amused often held the seeds of character growth in forms unrecognizable by the child. The more serious student spirit that the pupil brings to his last year's work in the intermediate school warrants a change to more subjective methods of teaching. The reading matter of this grade should prompt the mind to generalize. That which relates to the student's moral growth should lead him to study principles of conduct and make rules for his own guidance through life.

Lesson lengths are merely suggested. The teacher is the best judge of how long it may be profitable to dwell on each page and paragraph. Sometimes discussion strengthens a moral impression. At others it may weaken one. The teacher who knows the minds of her pupils will avoid giving occasion for the evaporation in debate of those forces which work best in the silence of the individual soul.

The trend of thought in Part I is provocative of *introspection* and *resolve*. That in Part II is distinctively *extra-spective*. The student, after dwelling long with the need, purpose, and methods of self-discipline, turns again to the outer contact—the invitation of nature, books, and home—the privilege and duty of losing self in the social function.

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No longer talk at all about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such.

— MARCUS AURELIUS.

EIGHTH YEAR

PART I

I. ON CHARACTER

1. When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of base assailants and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here!" was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines with the greatest luster, and, when all else fails, he takes his stand upon his integrity and his courage.

2. Every one is bound to aim at the possession of a good character as one of the highest objects of life. The true man acts rightly, whether in secret or in the sight of others. That boy was well trained who, when asked why he did not pocket some pears, for nobody was there to see, replied, "Yes, there was somebody; I was there to see myself, and I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing." We often hear it said that knowledge is power, but it is true in a much higher sense that character is power.

3. Francis Horner, of England, was a man of whom Sydney Smith said that the Ten Commandments were stamped upon his countenance. The valuable and peculiar light in which Horner's history is calculated to inspire every right-minded youth is this: He died, at the age of thirty-eight, possessed of greater influence than any other

private man, and admired, beloved, trusted, and deplored by all except the heartless and the base.

4. No greater homage was ever paid in Parliament to any deceased member. Now let every young man ask, How was this attained? By rank? He was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. By wealth? Neither he nor any of his relations ever had a superfluous sixpence. By office? He held but one, and that only for a few years, of no influence, and with very little pay. By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius. Cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. By eloquence? He spoke in calm good taste, without any of the oratory that either electrifies or seduces. By any fascination of manner? His was only correct and agreeable.

5. By what was it, then? Merely by sense, industry, good principles, and a good heart — qualities which no well-constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him. There were many in the House of Commons of far greater ability and eloquence, but no one surpassed him in the combination of an adequate portion of these with moral worth. Horner showed what moderate powers, unaided by anything whatever except culture and goodness, may achieve, even when these powers are displayed amid the competitions and jealousies of public life.

— *Selected.*

One by one thy duties wait thee;
 Let thy whole strength go to each;
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

— A. A. PROCTER.

II. ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY

1. Lost ! lost ! lost !

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise ;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

2. Lost where the thoughtless throng

In fashion's mazes wind,
Where warbleth fashion's song
Leaving a sting behind ;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

3. Lost ! lost ! lost !

I feel all search is vain ;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again ;
I offer no reward,
For though these heartstrings sever,
I know that Heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away forever.

4. But when the sea and land

Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand,
Who judgeth quick and dead ;

And when of waste and loss,
 That man can ne'er repair,
 The dread inquiry meets my soul,
 What shall it answer there ?

—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

III. THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

1. An Indian seldom jests. He usually speaks low, and under his breath. Loquacity is with him an indication of being a trifling character, and of deeds inversely less as his words are more. The young men, and even the boys, have a sullen, moody, and unjoyous countenance ; and seem to have little of that elastic gayety with which the benevolence of Providence has endowed the first years of the existence of most other beings. In this general remark, we ought not, perhaps, to include the squaw, who shows some analogy of feeling to the white woman.

2. The men evidently have not the quick sensibilities, the acute perceptions, of most other races. They do not easily sympathize with enjoyment or suffering. Nothing but an overwhelming excitement can arouse them. They seem callous to all the passions but rage. Every one has remarked how little surprise they express for whatever is new, strange, or striking. True, it is partially their pride that induces them to affect this indifference — for, that it is affected, we have had numberless opportunities to discover. It is, with them, not only pride, but calculation, to hold in seeming contempt things which they are aware they cannot obtain and possess. But they seem to be born with an instinctive determination to be independent, if possible, of nature and society, and to con-

centrate within themselves an existence which, at any moment, they seem willing to lay down.

3. Their impassible fortitude and endurance of suffering, their contempt of pain and death, invest their character with a kind of moral grandeur. Some part of this may be the result of their training, discipline, and exercise of self-control; but it is to be doubted whether some part be not the result of a more than ordinary degree of physical insensibility. It has been said, but with how much truth we do not pretend to say, that, in undergoing amputation, and other surgical operations, their nerves do not shrink, or show the same tendency to spasms, with those of the whites. When the savage — to explain his insensibility to cold — called upon the white man to recollect how little his own *face* was affected by it, in consequence of its constant exposure, the savage added, "*My body is all face.*"

4. Surely it is preposterous to admire, as some pretend to do, the savage character in the abstract. Let us make every effort to convey pity, mercy, and immortal hopes to their rugged bosoms. Pastorals that sing savage independence and generosity, and gratitude and happiness in the green woods, may be Arcadian enough to those who never saw savages in their wigwams, or never felt the apprehension of their nocturnal and hostile yell, from the depth of the forest around their dwelling. But let us not undervalue the comfort and security of municipal and social life; nor the sensibilities, charities, and endearments of a civilized home. Let our great effort be to tame and domesticate the Indians. Their happiness, steeled against feeling, at war with nature, the elements, and one another, can have no existence except in the visionary dreamings of those who have never contemplated their actual condition.

5. It is curious to remark, however, that, different as

are their religions, their discipline, and their standards of opinion, in most respects, from ours, in the main they have much the same notion of a great, respectable, and good man that we have. If we mark the universal passion for military display among our own race, and observe what place is assigned by common feeling, as well as history, to military prowess, we shall hardly consider it a striking difference from our nature, that bravery, and contempt of death, and reckless daring command the first place in their homage. But, apart from these views, the same traits of character that entitle a man to the appellation of virtuous and good, and that insure respect among us, have much the same bearing upon the estimation of the Indians. In conversing with them, we are struck with surprise, to observe how widely and deeply the obligations of truth, constancy, honor, generosity, and forbearance are felt and understood among them.

6. As regards their vanity, we have not often had the fortune to contemplate a young squaw at her toilet; but, from the studied arrangement of her calico jacket, from the glaring circles of vermilion on her plump and circular face, from the artificial manner in which her hair, of intense black, is clubbed in a coil of the thickness of a man's wrist, from the long time it takes her to complete these arrangements, from the manner in which she minces and ambles, and plays off her prettiest airs after she has put on all her charms, we should clearly infer that dress and personal ornament occupy the same portion of her thoughts that they do of the fashionable woman of civilized society. In regions contiguous to the whites, the squaws have generally a calico shirt of the finest colors.

7. A young Indian warrior is notoriously the most thoroughgoing beau in the world. Bond Street and Broad-



A NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN CHIEF

way furnish no subjects that will undergo as much crimping and confinement to appear in full dress. We are confident that we have observed such a character constantly occupied with his paints and his pocket glass three full hours, laying on his colors and arranging his tresses, and contemplating, from time to time, with visible satisfaction, the progress of his growing attractions. When he has finished, the proud triumph of irresistible charms is in his eye. The chiefs and warriors, in full dress, have one, two, or three broad clasps of silver about their arms; generally jewels in their ears and often in their noses; and nothing is more common than to see a thin, circular piece of silver, of the size of a dollar, depending from the nose, a little below the upper lip.

8. Nothing shows more clearly the influence of fashion; this ornament, so painfully inconvenient as it evidently is to them, and so horridly ugly and disfiguring, seems to be the utmost finish of Indian taste. Painted porcupine quills are twisted in their hair. Tails of animals hang from their hair behind. A necklace of bear's or alligator's teeth, or of claws of the bald eagle, hangs loosely down, with an interior and smaller circle of large red beads; or, in default of them, a rosary of red hawthorns surrounds the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are ornamented with great numbers of little, perforated, cylindrical pieces of silver or brass, that emit a simultaneous tinkle as the person walks. If to all this he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat of blue, faced with red, over the customary calico shirt of the gaudiest colors that can be found, he lifts his feet high, and steps firmly on the ground, to give his tinklers a uniform and full sound, and apparently considers his appearance with as much complacency as the human bosom can be supposed to feel. This is a very

curtailed view of an Indian beau, but every reader competent to judge will admit its fidelity, as far as it goes, to the description of a young Indian warrior when prepared to take part in a public dance.

— FLINT.

IV. MORALS OF THE HOMERIC AGE

1. The youth of high birth, not then so widely as now separated from the low, is educated under tutors in reverence for his parents and in desire to emulate their fame. He shares in manly and in graceful sports; acquires the use of arms; hardens himself in the pursuit of all others the most indispensable, the hunting down of wild beasts; and gains the knowledge of medicine, probably also of the lyre. Sometimes, with many-sided intelligence, he even sets himself to learn how to build his own house or ship, or how to drive the plow firm and straight down the furrow, as well as to reap the standing corn.

2. And, when scarcely a man, he bears arms for his country or his tribe, takes part in its government, learns by direct instruction and by practice how to rule mankind through the use of reasoning and persuasive power in political assemblies, attends and assists in sacrifices to the gods. For, all this time, he has been in kindly and free relations, not only with his parents, his family, his equals of his own age, but with the attendants, although they are but serfs, who have known him from infancy on his father's domain.

3. He is indeed mistaught with reference to the use of the strong hand. Human life is cheap; so cheap that even a mild and gentle youth may be betrayed, upon a

casual quarrel over some childish game with his friend, into taking it away. And even so throughout his life, should some occasion come that stirs up his passions from their depths, a wild beast, as it were, awakens within him, and he loses his humanity for a time, until reason has re-established her control. Short, however, of such a desperate crisis, though he could not for the world rob his friend or his neighbor, yet he might not be unwilling to triumph over him to his cost, for the sake of some exercise of signal ingenuity; while, from a hostile tribe or a foreign shore, or from the individual who has become his enemy, he will acquire by main force what he can, nor will he scruple to inflict on him by stratagem even deadly injury.

4. He must, however, give liberally to those who are in need; to the wayfarer, to the poor, to the suppliant who begs from him shelter and protection. On the other hand, should his own goods be wasted, the liberal and open-handed contributions of his neighbors will not be wanting to replace them.

5. His early youth is not solicited into vice by finding sensual excess in vogue, or the opportunities of it glaring in his eye and sounding in his ear. Gluttony is hardly known; drunkenness is marked only by its degrading character and by the evil consequences that flow so straight from it, and it is abhorred. But he loves the genial use of meals, and rejoices in the hour when the guests, gathered in his father's hall, enjoy a liberal hospitality, and the wine mantles in the cup. For then they listen to the strains of the minstrel, who celebrates before them the newest and the dearest of the heroic tales that stir their blood and rouse their manly resolution to be worthy, in their turn, of their country and their country's heroes. He joins the dance in the festivals of religion; the maiden's

hand is upon his wrist, and the gilded knife gleams from his belt, as they course from point to point or wheel in round on round. That maiden in due time he weds, amidst the rejoicings of their families, and brings her home to cherish her, "from the flower to the ripeness of the grape," with respect, fidelity, and love.

6. Whether as a governor or as governed, politics bring him in ordinary circumstances no great share of trouble. Government is a machine, of which the wheels move easily enough; for they are well oiled by simplicity of usages, ideas, and desires; by unity of interest; by respect for authority and for those in whose hands it is reposed; by love of the common country, the common altar, the common festivals and games, to which already there is large resort. In peace he settles the disputes of his people; in war he lends them the precious example of heroic daring. He consults them and advises with them on all grave affairs; and his wakeful care for their interests is rewarded by the ample domains which are set apart for the prince by the people. Finally, he closes his eyes, delivering over the scepter to his son and leaving much peace and happiness around him.

— WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

All the forces of evil may come upon a soul from without, and fail to shake it. But the smallest evil within, that is loved and desired and continued in, will accomplish what the outside attack has failed in.

V. ENERGY OF CHARACTER

1. "It is *impossible!*" said one of Napoleon's staff officers, in reply to his great commander's description of a plan for some daring enterprise. "*Impossible* is the adjective of fools!" cried the emperor, with indignation frowning on his brow. This may be an apocryphal anecdote of the imperial conqueror; but it is, at least, characteristic of him. Every young man who hopes to stand triumphant at the goal of life must possess a measure of this energy proportionate to the exigencies of his condition.

2. Energy is force of character — inward power. It imparts such a concentration of the will upon the realization of an idea as enables the individual to march unawed over the most gigantic barriers, or to crush every opposing force that stands in the way of its triumph. Energy knows of nothing but success; it never yields its purpose.

3. Longfellow's "Excelsior" is a beautiful embodiment of the idea of energy. Its hero is a young man seeking genuine excellence; proving himself superior to the love of ease, the blandishments of passion, and the sternest outward difficulties. You behold him ascending the rugged steepes of the upper Alps at the dangerous hour of twilight. In his hand he bears a banner, whose strange device, "Excelsior," is the visible expression of his noble purpose to attain the height of human excellence.

4. His brow is sad; his eyes are gleaming with the light of lofty thought; his step is firm and elastic; while his deep, earnest cry, "EXCELSIOR!" rings with startling effect among the surrounding crags and glaciers. Ease, in the form of an enchanting cottage with its cheerful fire-

side, invites him to relax his effort. Danger frowns upon him from the brow of the awful avalanche, and from the "pine tree's withered branch." Caution, in the person of an aged Alpine peasant, shouts in his ear and bids him beware; while Love, in the form of a gentle maiden with bewitching voice, woos him to her quiet bowers.

5. But vain are the seductions of love, the voice of fear, or the aspects of danger. Regardless of each and of all, animated by his sublime aims, intent on success, he only grasps his mysterious banner more firmly and bounds with swifter step along the dangerous steep. Through falling snows, along unseen paths, amid intense darkness, beside the most horrible chasms, he pursues his way, cheering his spirit and startling the ear of night with his battle-cry, "EXCELSIOR!"

6. Thus energy is the soul of every great enterprise; while enervation only enfeebles the spirit, and dooms the man to obscurity and ill-success. Should any young man desire a confirmation of these ideas, let him carefully study the history of every man who has written his name on the walls of the Temple of Fame. Let him view such minds in their progress toward greatness. He will see them rising, step by step, in the face of stubborn difficulties, which gave way before them only because their courage would not be daunted, nor their energy wearied. He will find no exception in the history of mankind.

7. Supine, powerless souls have always fainted before hostile circumstances, and sunk beneath their opportunities; while men of power have wrestled with sublime vigor, against all opposing men and things, and succeeded in their noble efforts, BECAUSE THEY WOULD NOT BE DEFEATED.

— *Selected.*

EXCELSIOR!

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!”
 This was the peasant’s last good-night:
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of St. Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

VI. THE DISCIPLINE OF DIFFICULTIES

1. An acorn is not an oak tree when it is sprouted. It must go through long summers and fierce winters; it has to endure all that frost, and snow, and thunder, and storm, and side-striking winds can bring, before it is a full-grown oak. These are rough teachers; but rugged schoolmasters make rugged pupils. So a man is not a man when he is created; he is only begun. His manhood must come

with years. A man who goes through life prosperous, and comes to his grave without a wrinkle, is not half a man.

2. In time of war, whom does the general select for some hazardous enterprise? He looks over the men, and chooses the soldier who he knows will not flinch at danger, but will go bravely through whatever is allotted to him. He calls him that he may receive his orders; the officer, blushing with pleasure to be thus chosen, hastens away to execute them. Difficulties are God's errands; and, when we are sent upon them, we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence, and prize it accordingly.

3. The traveler who goes round the world prepares himself to pass through all latitudes and to meet all changes. So a man must be prepared to take life as it comes—to mount the hill when the hill swells, and to go down the hill when the hill lowers; to walk the plain when it stretches before him, and to ford the river when it rolls over the plain.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SELF-MADE MEN

1. One of the most common excuses which young men make for not trying to improve their talents, is, that they are poor, and have no means of acquiring an education, and no rich or influential friends to assist them in life.

2. Young man! you need no assistance. It would hinder rather than facilitate your progress. If you have the will and resolution which you ought to possess, and that manly self-reliance which is indispensable to success in every department of life, you have all the assistance you need. With these you may overcome every obstacle, and

attain to eminence in any position which you may be called to fill.

3. Let any young man select from his acquaintance a number of the most prominent men of any profession — men who are distinguished for talents, or public usefulness, — and he will find that they are all, with scarcely an exception, men who began the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation; and who are they that take the lead in all its controlling interests? They are men who began the world with nothing, and have made their own fortunes.

4. The rule is almost universal. It pervades our courts, both State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is so now; it has ever been so since we became a nation; and it will be so while our present institutions continue. And the history of the prominent men of this country is but a repetition of the history of the most distinguished men of all other countries.

5. A young man must be thrown upon his own resources, in order to bring out his capabilities. The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous, and must be continued too long, to be encountered and maintained voluntarily. It must be a struggle, as it were, for life itself. He who has a fortune to fall back upon will soon slacken his efforts, and finally retire from the contest.

6. It is, therefore, a question, whether it is desirable that a parent should leave his son any property at all, if he desires him to rise to eminence in any department of life. Said an eminent jurist to a young man of fortune, who wished to enter upon the study of the law, "You will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it, as it will be the means of spoiling a good lawyer."

—*Selected.*

OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain,
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,
 And thought : " Had I a sword of keener steel —
 That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
 Blunt thing — " he snapped and flung it from his hand,
 And, lowering, crept away and left the field.
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
 Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

VII. NOW

1. The venerable Past — is past ;
 'Tis dark, and shines not in the ray :
 'Twas good, no doubt — 'tis gone at last —
 There dawns another day.
 Why should we sit where ivies creep,
 And shroud ourselves in charnels deep ?
 Or the world's yesterdays deplore,
 Mid crumbling ruin's mossy hoar ?

2. Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
 Looking at WAS from morn to night,
 When the beauteous NOW, the divine TO BE,
 Woo with their charms our living sight?
 Why should we hear but echoes dull,
 When the world of sound, so beautiful,
 Will give us music of our own?
 Why in the darkness should we grope,
 When the sun, in heaven's resplendent cope,
 Shines as bright as e'er it shone?

3. Abraham saw no brighter stars
 Than those which burn for thee and me.
 When Homer heard the lark's sweet song
 Or night bird's lovelier melody,
 They were such sounds as Shakespeare heard,
 Or Chaucer, when he blessed the bird ;
 Such lovely sounds as we can hear.—

4. Great Plato saw the vernal year
 Send forth its tender flowers and shoots,
 And luscious autumn pour its fruits ;
 And we can see the lilies blow,
 The corn fields wave, the rivers flow ;
 For us all bounties of the earth,
 For us its wisdom, love and mirth,
 If we daily walk in the sight of God,
 And prize the gifts he has bestowed.

5. We will not dwell amid the graves,
 Nor in dim twilights sit alone,
 To gaze at moldered architraves,
 Or plinths and columns overthrown ;

We will not only see the light
 Through painted windows cobwebbed o'er,
 Nor know the beauty of the night
 Save by the moonbeam on the floor :
 But in the presence of the sun,
 Or moon, or stars, our hearts shall glow ;
 We'll look at nature face to face,
 And we shall love because we know.

6. The present needs us. Every age
 Bequeaths the next for heritage
 No lazy luxury or delight —
 But strenuous labor for the right ;
 For *Now*, the child and sire of Time,
 Demands the deeds of earnest men
 To make it better than the past,
 And stretch the circle of its ken.
Now is a fact that men deplore,
 Though it might bless them evermore,
 Would they but fashion it aright :
 'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright.
7. Time, nor Eternity, hath seen
 A repetition of delight
 In all its phases : ne'er hath been
 For men or angels that which *is* ;
 And that which *is* hath ceased to be
 Ere we have breathed it, and its place
 Is lost in the Eternity.
 But *Now* is ever good and fair,
 Of the Infinitude the heir,
 And we of it. So let *us* live
 That from the Past we may receive

Light for the Now — from Now a joy
That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy.

— CHARLES MACKAY.

VIII. ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY

1. From the dark portals of the Star-Chamber, and in the stern text of the Acts of Uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heartbreakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause; and, if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

2. It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of Pilgrims encountered; sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season; where they are deserted, before long, by the ship

which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men, a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured.

3. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and snow.

4. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims: their own cares, their own labors, their own councils, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterward fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favor, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath; when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

5. Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future State, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the

deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore.

6. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions; crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison; delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route — and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

7. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, — surrounded by hostile tribes.

8. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

9. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep

malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea ; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate ? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope ? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious ?

— EDWARD EVERETT.

IX. THE PURITANS

1. The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

2. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race

from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

3. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God; if their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life; if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away.

4. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language — nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged — on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest — who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

5. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake, empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed; for his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe; he had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It

was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

— MACAULAY.

X. CHARACTER OF THE PURITAN FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND

1. One of the most prominent features which distinguished our forefathers was their determined resistance to oppression. They seemed born and brought up for the high and special purpose of showing to the world that the civil and religious rights of man, the rights of self-government, of conscience, and independent thought, are not merely things to be talked of, and woven into theories, but to be adopted with the whole strength and ardor of the mind, and felt in the profoundest recesses of the heart, and carried out into the general life, and made the foundation of practical usefulness, and visible beauty, and true nobility.

2. Liberty, with them, was an object of too serious desire and stern resolve to be personified, allegorized, and enshrined. They made no goddess of it, as the ancients did; they had no time nor inclination for such trifling; they felt that liberty was the simple birthright of every human creature; they called it so; they claimed it as such; they revered and held it fast as the unalienable gift of the Creator, which was not to be surrendered to power, nor sold for wages.

3. It was theirs, as men; without it, they did not esteem themselves men; more than any other privilege or possession, it was essential to their happiness, for it was essential to their original nature; and therefore they preferred it above wealth, and ease, and country; and that they might

enjoy and exercise it fully, they forsook houses, and lands, and kindred, their homes, their native soil, and their fathers' graves.

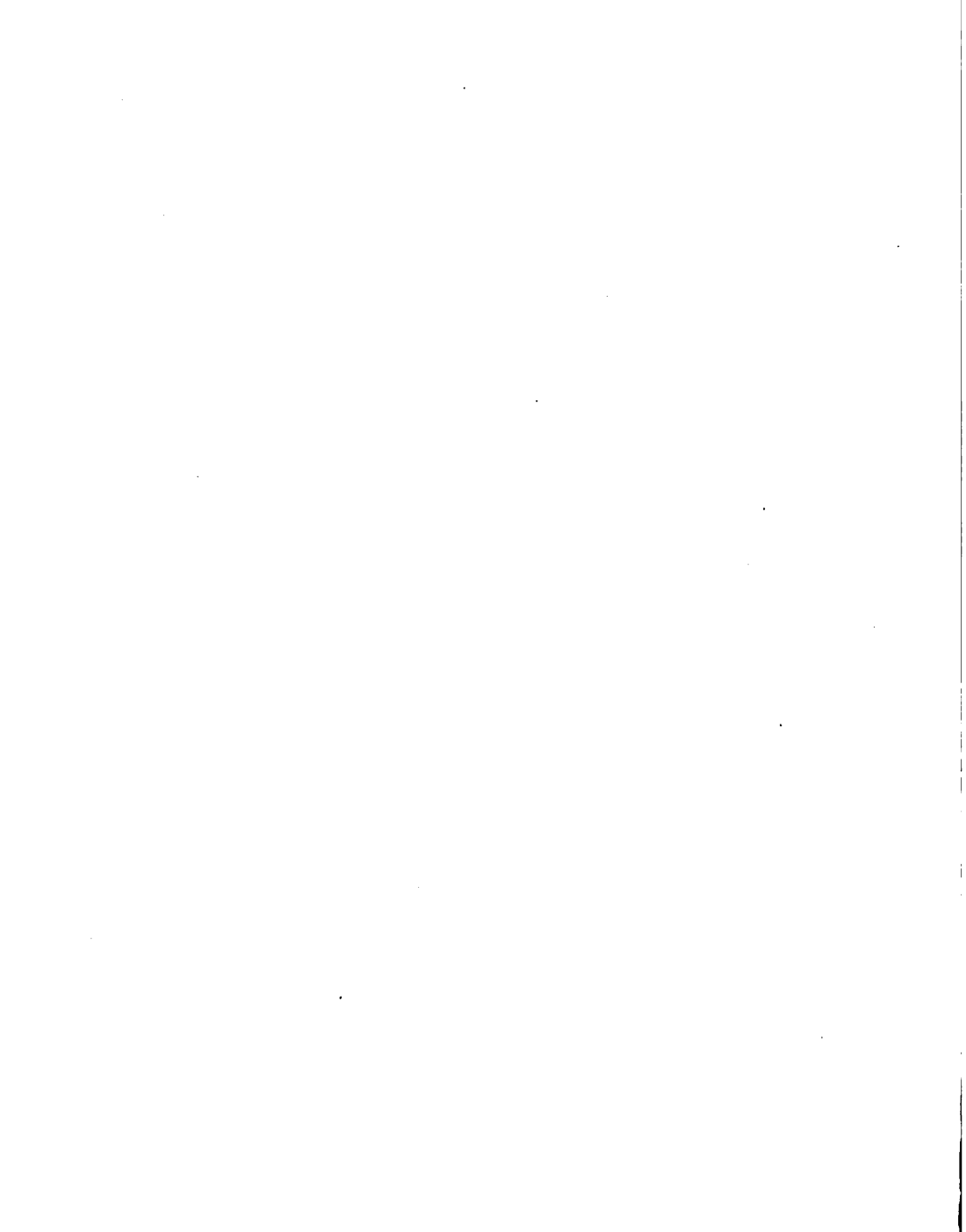
4. They left all these ; they left England, which, whatever it might have been called, was not to them a land of freedom ; they launched forth on the pathless ocean, the wide, fathomless ocean, soiled not by the earth beneath, and bounded, all round and above, only by heaven ; and it seemed to them like that better and sublimer freedom, which their country knew not, but of which they had the conception and image in their hearts ; and, after a toilsome and painful voyage, they came to a hard and wintry coast, unfruitful and desolate, but unguarded and boundless ; its calm silence interrupted not the ascent of their prayers ; it had no eyes to watch, no ears to hearken, no tongues to report of them ; here, again, there was an answer to their soul's desire, and they were satisfied, and gave thanks ; they saw that they were free, and the desert smiled.

5. I am telling an old tale ; but it is one which must be told when we speak of those men. It is to be added that they transmitted their principles to their children, and that, peopled by such a race, our country was always free. So long as its inhabitants were unmolested by the mother country, in the exercise of their important rights, they submitted to the form of English government ; but when those rights were invaded, they spurned even the form away.

6. This act was the Revolution, which came of course, and spontaneously, and had nothing in it of the wonderful or unforeseen. The wonder would have been if it had not occurred. It was, indeed, a happy and glorious event, but by no means unnatural ; and I intend no slight to the reverend actors in the Revolution, when I assert that their fathers before them were as free as they — every whit as free.



THAT THEY MIGHT SERVE GOD IN THEIR OWN MANNER, THE PURITANS ENDURED
MANY HARDSHIPS, ALWAYS MENACED BY HOSTILE INDIANS



7. The principles of the Revolution were not the suddenly acquired property of a few bosoms: they were abroad in the land in the ages before; they had always been taught, like the truths of the Bible; they had descended from father to son, down from those primitive days when the pilgrim, established in his simple dwelling, and seated at his blazing fire, piled high from the forest which shaded his door, repeated to his listening children the story of his wrongs and his resistance, and bade them rejoice, though the wild winds and the wild beasts were howling without, that they had nothing to fear from great men's oppression.

8. Here are the beginnings of the Revolution. Every settler's hearth was a school of independence; the scholars were apt, and the lessons sunk deeply; and thus it came that our country was always free; it could not be other than free.

9. As deeply seated as was the principle of liberty and resistance to arbitrary power, in the breasts of the Puritans, it was not more so than their piety and sense of religious obligation. They were emphatically a people whose God was the Lord. Their form of government was as strictly theocratical, if direct communication be excepted, as was that of the Jews; insomuch that it would be difficult to say where there was any civil authority among them entirely distinct from ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

10. Whenever a few of them settled a town, they immediately gathered themselves into a church; and their elders were magistrates, and their code of laws was the Pentateuch. These were forms, it is true, but forms which faithfully indicated principles and feelings; for no people could have adopted such forms who were not

thoroughly imbued with the spirit, and bent on the practice, of religion.

11. God was their King; and they regarded him as truly and literally so as if he had dwelt in a visible palace in the midst of their state. They were his devoted, resolute, humble subjects; they undertook nothing which they did not beg of him to prosper; they accomplished nothing without rendering to him the praise; they suffered nothing without carrying their sorrows to his throne; they ate nothing which they did not implore him to bless.

12. Their piety was not merely external; it was sincere; it had the proof of a good tree in bearing good fruit; it produced and sustained a strict morality. Their tenacious purity of manners and speech obtained for them, in the mother country, their name of Puritans, as honorable an appellation as was ever bestowed by man on man.

13. That there were hypocrites among them is not to be doubted; but they were rare; the men who voluntarily exiled themselves to an unknown coast, and endured there every toil and hardship for conscience' sake, and that they might serve God in their own manner, were not likely to set conscience at defiance, and make the service of God a mockery; they were not likely to be, neither were they, hypocrites. I do not know that it would be arrogating too much for them to say that, on the extended surface of the globe, there was not a single community of men to be compared with them, in the respects of deep religious impressions and an exact performance of moral duty.

— *Selected.*

To love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all the other virtues.

— LOCKE.

XI. THE FREE MIND

1. I call that mind free, which masters the senses, which protects itself against the animal appetites, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness. I call that mind free, which escapes the bondage of matter ; which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it, and finds, in the radiant signatures which that universe everywhere bears of the infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

2. I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

3. I call that mind free, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

4. I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which reverences itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

5. I call that mind free, which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong-doing, which no menace or peril can intrall ;

which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

6. Finally, I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity with God, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers; which transcends the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

—CHANNING.

XII. DANIEL WEBSTER

1. Born upon the verge of civilization, — his father's house the furthest by four miles on the Indian trail to Canada, — Mr. Webster retained to the last his love for that pure, fresh nature in which he was cradled. The dashing streams, which conduct the waters of the queen of New Hampshire's lakes to the noble Merrimac; the superb group of mountains (the Switzerland of the United States), among which those waters have their sources; the primeval forest, whose date runs back to the twelfth verse of the first chapter of Genesis, and never since creation yielded to the settler's ax; the gray buttresses of granite which prop the eternal hills; the sacred alternation of the seasons, with its magic play on field and forest and flood; the gleaming surface of lake and stream in summer; the icy pavement with which they are floored in winter; the verdure of spring, the prismatic tints of the autumnal woods, the leafless branches of December, glittering like arches and corridors of silver and crystal in the enchanted palaces of fairyland — sparkling in the morning sun with winter's jewelry, diamond and amethyst, and ruby and sapphire; the cathedral aisles of pathless woods — the mournful hemlock, the "cloud-seeking" pine — hung with drooping

creepers, like funeral banners pendent from the roof of chancel or transept over the graves of the old lords of the soil — these all retained for him to the close of his life an undying charm.

2. But though he ever clung with fondness to the wild mountain scenery amidst which he was born and passed his youth, he loved nature in all her other aspects. The simple beauty to which he had brought his farm at Marshfield, its approaches, its grassy lawns, its well-disposed plantations on the hillsides, unpretending but tasteful, and forming a pleasing interchange with his large cornfields and turnip patches, showed his sensibility to the milder beauties of civilized culture.

3. He understood, no one better, the secret sympathy of nature and art, and often conversed on the principles which govern their relations with each other. He appreciated the infinite bounty with which nature furnishes materials to the artistic powers of man, at once her servant and master; and he knew not less that the highest exercise of art is but to imitate, interpret, select, and combine the properties, affinities, and proportions of nature; that in reality they are parts of one great system; for nature is the Divine Creator's art, and art is rational man's creation.

4. But not less than mountain and plain he loved the sea. He loved to walk and ride and drive upon that magnificent beach which stretches from Green Harbor all round to the Gurnet. He loved to pass hours, I may say days, in his little boat. He loved to breathe the healthful air of the salt water. He loved the music of the ocean, through all the mighty octaves deep and high of its far-resounding register; from the lazy plash of a midsummer's ripple upon the margin of some oozy creek to the sharp howl of the tempest, which wrenches a lighthouse from its

clamps and bolts, fathoms deep, in the living rock, as easily as a gardener pulls a weed from his flower border.

5. There was, in fact, a manifest sympathy between his great mind and this world-surrounding, deep-heaving, measureless, everlasting, infinite deep. His thoughts and conversation often turned upon it, and its great organic relations with other parts of nature and with man. I have heard him allude to the mysterious analogy between the circulation carried on by veins and arteries, heart and lungs, and that wonderful interchange of venous and arterial blood—that miraculous complication which lies at the basis of animal life—and that equally complicated and more stupendous circulation of river, ocean, vapor, and rain, which from the fresh currents of the rivers fills the depths of the salt sea; then by vaporous distillation carries the waters which are under the firmament up to the cloudy cisterns of the waters above the firmament; wafts them on the dripping wings of the wind against the mountain sides, precipitates them to the earth in the form of rain, and leads them again through a thousand channels, open and secret, to the beds of the rivers, and so back to the sea.

6. Were I to fix upon any one trait as the prominent trait of Mr. Webster's personal character, it would be his social disposition, his loving heart. If there ever was a person who felt all the meaning of the divine utterance, "It is not good that man should be alone," it was he. Notwithstanding the vast resources of his own mind, and the materials for self-communion laid up in the storehouse of such an intellect, few men whom I have known have been so little addicted to solitary and meditative introspection; to few have social intercourse, sympathy, and communion with kindred or friendly spirits been so grateful and even necessary.

7. He loved to live with his friends, with "good, pleasant men who loved him." This was his delight, alike when oppressed with his multiplied cares of office at Washington, and when enjoying the repose and quiet of Marshfield. He loved to meet his friends at the social board, because it is there that men most cast off the burden of business and thought; there, as Cicero says, that conversation is sweetest; there that the kindly affections have the fullest play.

8. By the social sympathies thus cultivated, the genial consciousness of individual existence becomes more intense. And who that ever enjoyed it can forget the charm of his hospitality, so liberal, so choice, so thoughtful? In the very last days of his life, and when confined to the couch from which he never rose, he continued to give minute directions for the hospitable entertainment of the anxious and sorrowful friends who came to Marshfield.

9. If he enjoyed society himself, how much he contributed to its enjoyment by others! His colloquial powers were, I think, quite equal to his parliamentary and forensic talent. He had something instructive or ingenious to say on the most familiar occasion. In his playful mood he was not afraid to trifle; but he never prosed, never indulged in commonplace, never dogmatized, was never affected. His range of information was so vast, his observation so acute and accurate, his tact in separating the important from the unessential so nice, his memory so retentive, his command of language so great, that his common table talk, if taken down from his lips, would have stood the test of publication.

10. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and repeated or listened to a humorous anecdote with infinite glee. He narrated with unsurpassed clearness, brevity, and grace — no tedious, unnecessary details to spin out the story, the fault of most professed *raconteurs* — but its main points set each

in its place, so as often to make a little dinner-table epic, but all naturally and without effort. He delighted in anecdotes of eminent men, especially of eminent Americans, and his memory was stored with them. He would sometimes briefly discuss a question in natural history, relative, for instance, to climate, or the races and habits and breeds of the different domestic animals, or the various kinds of our native game, for he knew the secrets of the forest.

11. He delighted to treat a topic drawn from life, manner, and the great industrial pursuits of the community; and he did it with such spirit and originality as to throw a charm around subjects which, in common hands, are trivial and uninviting. Nor were the stores of our sterling literature less at his command. He had such an acquaintance with the great writers of our language, especially the historians and poets, as enabled him to enrich his conversation with the most apposite allusions and illustrations. When the occasion and character of the company invited it, his conversation turned on higher themes, and sometimes rose to the moral sublime.

12. He was not fond of the technical language of metaphysics, but he had grappled, like the giant he was, with its most formidable problems. Dr. Johnson was wont to say of Burke, that a stranger who should chance to meet him under a shed in a shower of rain, would say, "This was an extraordinary man." A stranger who did not know Mr. Webster might have passed a day with him, in his seasons of relaxation, without detecting the jurist or the statesman; but he could not pass a half hour with him without coming to the conclusion that he was one of the best informed of men.

13. His personal appearance contributed to the attraction of his social intercourse. His countenance, frame, ex-

pression, and presence arrested and fixed attention. You could not pass him unnoticed in a crowd; nor fail to observe in him a man of high mark and character. No one could see him and not wish to see more of him, and this alike in public and private.

—EDWARD EVERETT.

XIII. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1. His predominant passion seems to have been the love of the useful. The useful was to him the *summum bonum*, the supremely fair, the sublime and beautiful, which it may not, perhaps, be extravagant to believe he was in quest of every week for half a century. No department was too plain or humble for him to occupy himself in for this purpose; and, in affairs of the most unambitious order, this was still systematically his object. Whether in the construction of chimneys or of constitutions, lecturing on the saving of candles or on the economy of national revenues, he was still intent on the same end; the question always being how to obtain the most of solid, tangible advantage, by the plainest and easiest means.

2. There has rarely been a mortal of high intelligence and flattering fame on whom the pomps of life were so powerless. On him were completely thrown away the oratorical and poetical heroics about glory, of which heroics it was enough that he easily perceived the intention or effect to be to explode all sober truth and substantial good, and to impel men, at the very best of the matter, through some career of vanity, but commonly through mischief, slaughter, and devastation, in mad pursuit of what amounts at last, if attained, to some certain quantity of noise, and empty show, and intoxicated transient elation.

He was so far an admirable spirit for acting the mentor to a young republic.

3. It will not be his fault if the citizens of America shall ever become so servile to European example as to think a multitude of supernumerary places, enormous salaries, and a privileged order, a necessary security or decoration of that political liberty which they enjoy in preëminence above every other nation on earth. In the letters of their patriarch and philosopher, they will be amply warned, by repeated and emphatic representations, of the desperate mischief of a political system in which the public resources shall be expended in a way to give the government both the interest and the means to corrupt the people.

4. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring. Of Franklin no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine, in anything which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch ; and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They required only a medium of vision like his pure and simple style to exhibit, to the highest advantage, their native radiance and beauty. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind as of its superior organization.

5. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations ; but, without any effort

or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and, by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundredfold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

6. Brave, benevolent, wonderful old man! Well did our Congress declare of him, in the resolutions adopted on his death, on motion of James Madison, that "his native genius was not more an ornament to human nature, than his various exertions of it have been precious to science, to freedom, and to his country." Well, too, was it said by that matchless French orator, Mirabeau, in announcing the event to the National Assembly of France, which went into mourning on the occasion, that "antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants."

— *Selected.*

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow—
He who would search for pearls must dive below."

XIV. CHARACTER OF ALFRED THE GREAT

1. King Alfred of England is one of the most perfect characters in history. He is a singular instance of a prince who has become a hero of romance, and who, as such, has had countless imaginary exploits attributed to him, but to whose character romance has done no more than justice, and who appears in exactly the same light in history and in fable. No other man on record has ever more thoroughly united all the virtues both of the ruler and of the private citizen. A saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior all whose wars were fought in the defense of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the day of triumph — there is no other name in history to compare with his.

2. Saint Louis comes nearest to him in the union of a more than monastic piety with the highest civil, military, and domestic virtues, but even in Saint Louis we see a disposition to forsake an immediate sphere of duty for the sake of distant and unprofitable, however pious and glorious, undertakings. The true duties of the king of the French clearly lay in France, and not in Egypt or Tunis. No such charge lies at the door of the great king of the West Saxons.

3. With an inquiring spirit which took in the whole world, for purpose alike of scientific inquiry and of Christian benevolence, Alfred never forgot that his first duty was to his own people. He forestalled our own age in sending expeditions to explore the Northern Ocean, and in sending alms to the distant churches of India, but he neither forsook his crown, like some of his predecessors, nor neglected his duties, like some of his successors.

4. The virtue of Alfred, like the virtue of Washington, consisted in no marvelous displays of superhuman genius, but in the simple, straightforward discharge of the duty of the moment. But Washington, soldier, statesman, and patriot, like Alfred, has no claim to Alfred's further characters of saint and scholar. William the Silent, too, has nothing to set against Alfred's literary merits, and in his career, glorious as it is, there is an element of intrigue and chicanery utterly alien to the noble simplicity of both Alfred and Washington.

5. The same union of zeal for religion and learning with the highest gifts of the warrior and the statesman is found, on a wider field of action, in Charles the Great. But even Charlemagne cannot aspire to the pure glory of Alfred. Amid all the splendor of conquest and legislation we cannot be blind to an alloy of personal ambition, of personal vice, to occasional unjust aggressions and occasional acts of cruelty. Among the later princes of England the great Edward alone can bear for a moment the comparison with his glorious ancestor.

6. And, when tried by such a standard, even the great Edward fails. Even in him we do not see the same wonderful union of gifts and virtues which so seldom meet together; we cannot acquit Edward of occasional acts of violence, of occasional recklessness as to means; we cannot attribute to him the pure, simple, almost childlike disinterestedness which marks the character of Alfred.

7. As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. All this time he was afflicted with a terrible unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it, as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave, good man,

until he was fifty-three years old, and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year nine hundred and one, but long ago as that is, his fame and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him are freshly remembered to the present hour.

— *Selected.*

XV. THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

1. Just as Washington was passing from boyhood to youth, the enterprise and capital of Virginia were seeking a new field for exercise and investment, in the unoccupied public domain beyond the mountains. The business of a surveyor immediately became one of great importance and trust, for no surveys were executed by the government. To this occupation the youthful Washington, not yet sixteen years of age, and well furnished with the requisite mathematical knowledge, zealously devoted himself. Some of his family connections possessed titles to large portions of public land, which he was employed with them in surveying.

2. Thus, at a period of life when, in a more advanced stage of society, the intelligent youth is occupied in the elementary studies of the schools and colleges, Washington was carrying the surveyor's chain through the fertile valleys of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains; passing days and weeks in the wilderness, beneath the shadow of eternal forests; listening to the voice of the waterfalls, which man's art had not yet set to the healthful music of the saw-mill or the trip-hammer; reposing from the labors of the day on a bearskin, with his feet to the blazing logs of a camp fire; and sometimes startled from the deep slumbers

of careless, hard-working youth, by the alarm of the Indian war whoop.

3. This was the gymnastic school in which Washington was brought up; in which his quick glance was formed, destined to range hereafter across the battle field, through clouds of smoke and bristling rows of bayonets; the school in which his senses, weaned from the taste for those detestable indulgences, miscalled pleasures, in which the flower of adolescence so often languishes and pines away, were early braced up to the sinewy manhood which becomes the

“Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.”

4. There is preserved among the papers of Washington a letter, written to a friend while he was engaged on his first surveying tour, and when he was, consequently, but sixteen years of age. I quote a sentence from it, in spite of the homeliness of the details, for which I like it the better, and because I wish to set before you, not an ideal hero, wrapped in cloudy generalities and a mist of vague panegyric, but the real, identical man, with all the peculiarities of his life and occupation.

5. “Your letter,” says he, “gave me the more pleasure, as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed; but, after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire, upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bearskin — whichever was to be had — with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain, every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistoles.”

6. If there is an individual in the morning of life who has not yet made his choice between the flowery path of indulgence and the rough ascent of honest industry — if there is one who is ashamed to get his living by any branch of honest labor — let him reflect that the youth who was carrying the theodolite and surveyor's chain through the mountain passes of the Alleghanies, in the month of March, sleeping on a bundle of hay before the fire in a settler's log cabin, and not ashamed to boast that he did it for his doubloon a day, is George Washington; that the life he led trained him up to command the armies of United America; that the money he earned was the basis of that fortune which enabled him afterwards to bestow his services, without reward, on a bleeding and impoverished country.

7. For three years was the young Washington employed, the greater part of the time, and whenever the season would permit, in this laborious and healthful occupation; and I know not if it would be deemed unbecoming, were a thoughtful student of our history to say that he could almost hear the voice of Providence in the language of Milton announce its high purpose:

“To exercise him in the wilderness;
There shall he first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer!”

— EDWARD EVERETT.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

— SHAKESPEARE.



WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON

XVI. WASHINGTON IN RETIREMENT

1. There is no part of Washington's career which commands more admiration than his private life after he had retired from the presidency of the United States. Having served his country as a soldier and a chief magistrate, he had yet something to do,—to set a great and noble example in the surrender of power and personal ambition. The following passages will show that in this, as in everything else, he seems to be superior to almost all other men.

2. Being established again at Mount Vernon, and freed from public toils and cares, Washington returned to the same habits of life and the same pursuits that he had always practiced at that place. In writing to a friend, a few weeks after his return, he said that he began his daily course with the rising of the sun, and first made preparations for the business of the day.

3. "By the time I have accomplished these matters," he adds, "breakfast is ready. This being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner; at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me.

4. "The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candlelight; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that, as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing-table, and reply to the letters I have received. This history of a day will serve for a year."

5. And in this manner a year passed away, and with no other variety than that of the change of visitors, who came

from all parts to pay their respects or gratify their curiosity.

6. The feelings of Washington on being relieved from the solicitude and burdens of office were forcibly expressed in letters to his friends. "At length," said he, in writing to Lafayette, "I have become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac.

7. "Under the shadow of my own vine and fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries — as if this globe were insufficient for us all — and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception.

8. "I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk and tread the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all."

— *Selected.*

XVII. COUNSELS OF WASHINGTON

1. Born in a land of liberty, having early learned its value, having engaged in the perilous conflict to defend it — having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure its permanent establishment in my own country — my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes are irresistibly attracted whensoever, in any

country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom.

2. My policy, in our foreign transactions, has been to cultivate peace with all the world ; to observe treaties with pure and absolute faith ; to check every deviation from the line of impartiality ; to explain what may have been misapprehended, and correct what may have been injurious to any nation, and having thus acquired the right, to lose no time in acquiring the ability, to insist upon justice being done to ourselves.

3. Observe good faith and justice toward all nations ; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it ? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue ? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature.

4. There is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists, in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity.

5. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together. The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

6. This government — the offspring of our choice, un-

influenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment — has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of liberty.

7. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government. All obstructions to the execution of the laws; all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberations and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency.

8. Let us unite in imploring the supreme Ruler of nations to spread his holy protection over the United States; to turn the machinations of the wicked to the confirming of our Constitution; to enable us at all times to root out internal sedition and put invasion to flight; to perpetuate to our country that prosperity which his goodness has already conferred, and to verify the anticipations of this government being a safeguard of human rights.

— *Selected.*

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

— LONGFELLOW.

XVIII. TEMPTATIONS OF THE YOUNG

1. It is true that every age and employment has its snares; but the feet of the young are most easily entrapped. Issuing forth, as you do, in the morning of life, into the wide field of existence, where the flowers are all open, it is no wonder that you pluck some that are poisonous. Tasting every golden fruit that hangs over the garden of life, it is no wonder that you should find some of the most tempting hollow and moldy.

2. But the peculiar characteristic of your age, my young friends, is impetuosity and presumptuousness. You are without caution, because without experience. You are precipitate, because you have enjoyed so long the protection of others that you have yet to learn to protect yourselves. You grasp at every pleasure because it is new, and every society charms with a freshness which you will be surprised to find gradually wearing away. Young as you are upon the stage, there seems to be little for you to know of yourselves; therefore you are contented to know little, and the world will not let you know more till it has disappointed you oftener.

3. Entering, then, into life, you will find every rank and occupation environed with its peculiar temptations; and, without some other and higher principle than that which influences a merely worldly man, you are not a moment secure. You are poor, and you think pleasure and fashion and ambition will disdain to spread their snares for so ignoble a prey.

4. It is true, they may. But take care that dishonesty does not dazzle you with an exhibition of sudden gains. Take care that want does not disturb your imagination by temptations to fraud. Distress may drive you to indolence

and despair, and these united may drown you in intemperance. Even robbery and murder have sometimes stalked in at the breach which poverty or calamity has left unguarded.

5. You are rich, and you think that pride and a just sense of reputation will preserve you from the vices of the vulgar. It is true, they may; and you may be ruined in the progress of luxury, and lost to society, and, at last, to God, while sleeping in the lap of the most flattering and enervating abundance.

6. The last resource against temptation is prayer. Escaping, then, from your tempter, fly to God. Cultivate the habit of devotion. It shall be a wall of fire around you, and your glory in the midst of you. To this practice the uncorrupted sentiments of the heart impel you, and invitations are as numerous as they are merciful to encourage you.

7. When danger has threatened your life, you have called upon God. When disease has wasted your health, and you have felt the tomb opening under your feet, you have called upon God. When you have apprehended heavy misfortunes, or engaged in hazardous enterprises, you have, perhaps, resorted to God to ask his blessing. But what are all these dangers to the danger which your virtue may be called to encounter on your first entrance into life?

8. In habitual prayer you will find a safeguard. You will find every good resolution fortified by it, and every seduction losing its power, when seen in the new light which a short communion with Heaven affords. In prayer you will find that a state of mind is generated which will shed a holy influence over the whole character; and those temptations to which you were just yielding will vanish,

with all their allurements, when the day-star of devotion
rises in your hearts.

JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER.

XIX. WRITING WITH DIAMONDS

1. A little child, beside the window pane,
Held in his hand a diamond, pure and bright,
And saw in every clear and burning plane
A mirrored rainbow, trembling in the light.
2. Across the pane he drew the tiny stone,
And, smiling, watched the dainty penciled line,
Till on the smooth and polished surface shone
A boyish thought in letters crystalline.
3. "Not there, my son ! not there," his father said,
And, stooping down, he took the jeweled ring ;
Then, turning from the glass with eyes dismayed,
The boy looked up with eager questioning.
4. "Not there, my child ! though every word appear
As threaded silver shining in the sun.
The jewel point has left it crisp and clear ;
The diamond's work can never be undone.
5. "Thine eye may weary, but the line must stand ;
Thy thought may change, but here 'tis traced in
light ;
The fairest touches wrought by childish hand
May yet offend thy manhood's fairer sight.
6. "Nay, school thy hand, and wait a future day,
When thou may'st write with bolder mastery :
Give not this gem to fancy's careless play ;
'Tis but for him who wields it thoughtfully."

7. O daily life! thy fair and crystal page
By erring hands is written o'er and o'er,
In deeds that live beyond the present age,
In characters that stand forevermore.
8. We cannot pause. 'Tis not for human will
To check the pen or shun its solemn trust;
But living souls, discerning good and ill,
May leave their records beautiful and just.
9. The immortal truth demands each thoughtful hour,
Our work must live through all futurity;
The highest glory born of conscious power
Is but for him who wields it reverently.

— *Selected.*

XX. TAKE YOUR CHOICE

1. We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities — riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Everything is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labor, our ingenuity, are so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment, and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success.

2. Would you, for instance, be rich? do you think that single point worth the sacrifice of everything else? You may, then, be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, and patient diligence, and

attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit ; but you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free, unsuspecting temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be, unless you are singularly blessed, a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence.

3. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust, things, and as for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible ; you must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths ; in short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep on in one beaten track without turning aside to the right or to the left. " But I cannot submit to drudgery like this ; I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well : be above it, then ; only do not repine that you are not rich. Learn to prize what you chose in place of riches.

4. Is knowledge the pearl of price ? That too may be purchased by steady application and long, solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. " But," says the man of letters, " what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life ! " Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement ? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring ? You have, then, mistaken your path and ill-employed your industry.

5. "What reward have I, then, for all my labors?" What reward! A large, comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices, able to apprehend and interpret the works of man and of God; a rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection; a perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence; and what reward can you ask beside?

6. "But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence, that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean, dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty, for it, and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble countenance and say to yourself, "I have not these things, it is true, but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better; I have chosen my lot; I am content and satisfied."

—MRS. BARBAULD.

XXI. PAUL FLEMMING RESOLVES

1. And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart

of Flemming was weak — weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees and wept. And oh! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride, and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription: "LOOK NOT MOURNFULLY INTO THE PAST: IT COMES NOT BACK AGAIN. WISELY IMPROVE THE PRESENT: IT IS THINE. GO FORTH TO MEET THE SHADOWY FUTURE, WITHOUT FEAR, AND WITH A MANLY HEART."

2. It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said, "I WILL BE STRONG!"

3. Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the past shut behind him as the divine poet did the gate of paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the holy

mountain ; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

4. In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Fleming, and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance ; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others ; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed : no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfillment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires ; but to live in the present wisely, alike forgetful of the past, and careless of what the mysterious future might bring. And from that moment he was calm, and strong ; he was reconciled with himself !

5. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling rose within him. "Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he ; "and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality ! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life --

'Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend !'

6. "Why have I not made these sage reflections, this

wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

XXII. A GOOD DAUGHTER

1. A good daughter!—there are other ministries of love, more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given.

2. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad; and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection that is following him, perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

3. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his

happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom, which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice.

4. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but all-expressive proofs of love.

5. And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! What an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh, how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart!

6. A true love will, almost certainly, always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

—JOHN GORHAM PALFREY.

THE FUTURE OF WOMAN

1. What highest prize hath woman won
 In science or in art?
 What mightiest work by woman done
 Boasts city, field, or mart?
 "She hath no Raphael," Painting saith;
 "No Newton," Learning cries;
 "Show us her steamship, her 'Macbeth,'
 Her thought-won victories!"

2. Wait, boastful man! though worthy are
 Thy deeds when thou art true,
 Things worthier still, and holier far,
 Our sister yet will do;
 For this the worth of woman shows:
 On every peopled shore,
 Ever as man in wisdom grows,
 He honors her the more.

3. Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
 Hath man's meek angel striven;
 But, silent as the growing flower,
 To make of earth a heaven!
 And in her garden of the sun
 Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom,
 For woman's best is unbegun,
 Her advent yet to come!

— ELLIOT.

XXIII. BE PUNCTUAL

1. An economical use of time is the true mode of securing leisure. It enables us to get through business, and carry it forward, instead of being driven by it. On the other hand, the miscalculation of time involves us in perpetual hurry, confusion, and difficulties, and life becomes a mere shuffle of expedients usually followed by disaster. Nelson once said, "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time."

2. A proper consideration of the value of time will inspire habits of punctuality. Nothing begets confidence in a man sooner than the practice of this virtue, and nothing shakes confidence sooner than the want of it. He who holds to his appointment, and does not keep you waiting for him, shows that he has regard for your time as well as for his own. Thus punctuality is one of the modes of testifying respect.

3. We naturally come to the conclusion that the person who is careless about time will be careless about business. When Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, Washington quietly replied, "Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary." Franklin once said to a servant who was always late, but always ready with an excuse, "I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else."

4. The unpunctual man is a general disturber of others' peace and serenity. He is systematically late, regular only in his irregularity. He always arrives at his appointment after the hour, gets to the railway station after the train has started, and posts his letter when the mail has closed.

It will generally be found that the men who are thus habitually behind time are habitually behind success, and that they become grumblers and railers against fortune.

5. Attention, application, accuracy, method, punctuality, and dispatch are the principal qualities required for the efficient conduct of business of any sort. It is the precept of every day's experience that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of what is erroneously called "good luck."

6. A French statesman, being asked how he contrived to accomplish so much work, and at the same time attend to his social duties, replied, "I do it simply by never postponing till to-morrow what should be done to-day." It was said of an unsuccessful public man that he used to reverse this process, his maxim being "never to transact to-day what could be postponed till to-morrow."

7. But bear in mind this : there may be success in life without success in business. The merchant who failed, but who afterward recovered his fortune, and then spent it in paying his creditors their demands in full, principal and interest, thus leaving himself a poor man, had a glorious success ; while he who failed, paid his creditors ten cents only on a dollar, and afterward rode in his carriage and occupied a magnificent mansion, was sorrowfully looked on by honest men as lamentably unsuccessful.

8. True success in life is success in building up a pure, honest, energetic character—in so shaping our habits, our thoughts, and our aspirations as to best qualify us for a higher life. Wordsworth well describes the "happy warrior" as one who "makes his moral being his prime care" :

"Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law, as on the best of friends ; .

Who fixes good on good alone, and owes
 To Virtue every triumph that he knows ;
 Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means, and there will stand
 On honorable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire."

— *Selected.*

XXIV. PROCRASTINATION

1. Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

2. Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
 The palm, " that all men are about to live,"
 Forever on the brink of being born ;
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least their own ; their future selves applaud ;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ;
 That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

3. All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage. When young indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought,
 Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.
4. And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where past the shaft no trace is found,
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death ;
 E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

— EDWARD YOUNG.

'Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
 Aid it, paper ; aid it, type ;
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
 And our earnest must not slacken,
 Into play ;
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 Clear the way !"

XXV. SHUN DEBT

1. Easy to keep out of debt! No, my young friend, it is difficult. Are you rich? The bland tradesman cries, "Pay when you please." Are you poor? Still your character is as yet without stain, and your character is a property on which you can borrow a trifle. But when you borrow on your character, it is your character that you leave in pawn.

2. Young friend, learn to say No. The worst that the "No" can inflict on you is a privation — a want — always short of starvation. No young man with the average health of youth need be in danger of starving. Be contented. Say No! Keep out of peril your honor. Shake hands; we are agreed. You consent to have a horror of debt.

3. Now comes the next danger. You will not incur debt for yourself, but you have a friend. Pythias, your friend, your familiar — the man you like best and see most of — says to you, "Damon, be my security — your name to this bill!" Heaven forbid that I should cry out to Damon, "Pythias means to cheat thee; beware!"

4. But I address to Damon this observation: "Pythias asks thee to guarantee that three, six, or twelve months hence he will pay to another man — say to Dionysius — so many pounds sterling." Here your first duty as an honest man is, not to Pythias, but to Dionysius.

5. Suppose some accident happen. Suppose that the smut or the rain spoil the crops on which Pythias relies; or the cargoes he expects go down to the bottomless seas: Dionysius must come upon you! Can you pay to Diony-

sus what you pledge yourself to pay to him in spite of those accidents?

6. If you can, and if you value Pythias more than the money, give the money, and there is an end of it! but if you cannot give the money, do not sign the bill. Do not become what in rude truth you do become, a knave and a liar, if you guarantee to do what you know that you cannot do, should the guarantee be exacted. Whatever you lend, let it be your money, and not your name.

7. With honor, poverty is a Noble; without honor, wealth is a Pauper. But if a usurer knock at your door and show you a bill with your name as a promise to pay, and the bill be dishonored, pray, what becomes of your name? "My name!" falters Damon; "I am but a surety: go to Pythias." "Ah! Pythias has disappeared!" Pay the bill, Damon, or — good-by to your honor.

8. Never borrow where there is a chance, however remote, that you may not be able to repay. Never lend what you are not prepared to give. Never guarantee for another what you cannot fulfill, if the other should fail. Guided by these rules, you start in life with this great advantage: whatever you have, be it little or much, is your own. Rich or poor, you start as a freeman, resolved to preserve in your freedom the noblest condition of your being as a man.

— BULWER.

"Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's
 Even in these honest mean habiliments;
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit."

XXVI. THE LOVE OF TRUTH

1. The love of truth is the spirit of all lofty converse. The love of truth is the grandest aspiration after the grandest object. By no other spirit can men be more sublimely animated, and in no other spirit can they more humanely come together. Let their opinions, then, be as many and as opposite as may be, there is no danger of ill-will. This love of truth is root to all the charities. The tree which grows from it may have thousands of distinct and diverging branches ; but good and generous fruit will be on them all. This love of truth is a bow of peace, ready for every concession that is honest, firm against every compromise that is not.

2. This love of truth is the noblest stimulus to inquiry ; ardent to seek, yet patient to examine ; willing to communicate, but more willing to receive ; contemptuous of petty curiosity, but passionate for knowledge. This love of truth is the life of all philosophy ; it is that which germinates in meditation, which grows into science, and which brings a new shape of being into the universe in the birth of every discovery.

3. This love of truth is the spirit of all eloquence. Speech without it is but babble. The mere art of rhetoric is more noisy, but less useful, than the tinman's trade. But when the love of truth fires up the passions, and puts its lightning in the brain, then let men give heed, for a prophet is among them.

4. This love of truth is the strength of all heroism. That cause alone is worthy which is eternally right ; and he alone is worthy who, in devotion to the right, defends it. It is such a spirit that clothes the martyr with a flame which outshines the blaze that kills him.

5. This love of truth binds the soul to all true spirits, whether on earth or in heaven, and to God himself, *the* Truth, perfect and eternal. Compare emulations of argument, pungencies of sarcasm, dazzlings of fancy vain of its glitter, pride of logic, and pomp of declamation, with the simple thoughts which the love of truth suggests, and they are but as the sound of an automaton to the voice of a man.

— HENRY GILES.

XXVII. AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

1. O good painter, tell me true,
 Has your hand the cunning to draw
 Shapes of things you never saw?
 Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

2. Woods and cornfields a little brown —
 The picture must not be overbright,
 Yet all in the golden and gracious light
 Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
 Alway and alway, night and morn,
 Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
 Lying between them, not quite sere,
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
 When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
 Under their tassels; cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
 With bluebirds twittering all around —
 (Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
 These, and the house where I was born,

Low and little, and black and old,
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows open wide,
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush —

Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding the selfsame way,
 Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

3. Listen closer. When you have done
 With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
 Oh, if I only could make you see
 The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul, and the angel's face
 That are beaming on me all the while! —
 I need not speak these foolish words;
 Yet one word tells you all I would say —
 She is my mother; you will agree
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

4. Two little urchins at her knee
 You must paint, sir: one like me —
 The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise:
 At ten years old he went to sea —
 God knoweth if he be living now —
 He sailed in the good ship Commodore;
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news, and she never came back.

Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck ;
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
 And his face was toward me all the way.
 Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee ;
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea !

5. Out in the fields one summer night
 We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn leaves' rustling, and of the shade
 Of the high hills, stretching so still and far ;
 Loitering till after the low little light
 Of the candle shone through the open door,
 And over the haystack's pointed top,
 All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
 The first half hour, the great yellow star
 That we with staring, ignorant eyes
 Had often and often watched to see
 Propped and held in its place in the skies
 By the fork of a tall, red mulberry tree,
 Which close in the edge of our flax field grew, —
 Dead at the top — just one branch full
 Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
 From which it tenderly shook the dew
 Over our heads, when we came to play
 In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day —
 Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of us bore
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs —
 The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,

Not so big as a straw of wheat ;
 The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
 But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

6. At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie ?
 If you can, pray have the grace
 To put it solely in the face

Of the urchin that is likest me :

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed :
 But that's no matter — paint it so ;

The eyes of our mother (take good heed)
 Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
 Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
 But straight through our faces down to our lies,
 And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise !
 I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
 A sharp blade struck through it. You, sir, know,
 That you on the canvas are to repeat
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —
 Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree, —
 The mother, — the lads, with their bird, at her knee :
 But, oh, that look of reproachful woe !
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

— ALICE CARY.

“The crown and glory of life is *character*. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will; dignifying every station, and exalting every position in society.”



"I'm hastening from the distant hills,
With swift and noisy flowing ;
Nursed by a thousand tiny rills,
I'm ever onward going."



XXVIII. ILLUSIONS IN RESPECT TO RICHES

1. The Egyptian king who, swollen with grandeur, ordered a colossal staircase built to his new palace, discovered, to his chagrin, when it was completed, that he required a ladder to get from one step to another. He had forgotten that a king's legs, after all, are as short as a beggar's. Accumulate wealth as we may, the limits of our senses check us miserably every moment.

2. You call yourself proprietor, but houses and pictures outlive your mortal body, and after taking your will of them for a short time, that body is carried out of your own door, feet foremost, never again to enter it. Proprietor you were, perhaps, of farms and castles, estates and villages, but now you do not own even that hole in the ground, six feet by two, where your dust lies mingling with the soil.

3. "Proprietor!" The artist who visits your picture gallery enjoys it more than you, and is, in a better sense, the proprietor. You are rich enough, to dine twenty-four times a day, but you must eat sparingly to enjoy dining even once, and the probability is you will not, that once, relish your sumptuous viands so keenly as the poorest of your day laborers will his boiled beef and cabbage.

4. To help you use your store, you are obliged to call around you friends, relatives, parasites—a little world of attendants who live upon your substance, and many of whom, instead of gratitude, are likelier to make you a return in envy. You have thirty horses in your stable; you can mount but one, ride after but two to six.

5. To be truly rich, one should have stomachs in proportion to the number of dinners he could afford; senses multiplied according to the amount of his stock in bank.

At the close of his life the richest man has hardly spent more upon his own positive enjoyment than the poor man. He has eaten and slept, and the poor man can do as much and the proprietor scarcely more.

6. Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper writer. The most opulent banker cannot order a private sunset or add one ray to the magnificence of the starlight. The same air swells all lungs. The same kind of blood fills all veins. Each one possesses really only his own thoughts and his own senses. Soul and body — these are all the property which a man owns ; nay, he does not own even these, for he merely has them on trust from the Creator.

7. All that is valuable in this world is to be had for nothing. Genius, beauty, health, piety, love, are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well-turned arm on which to wear it ; a pearl necklace, but not a pearly throat with which it shall vie. The richest man on earth would vainly offer a fortune to be qualified to write a verse like Milton, to paint a picture like Landseer, or to compose a melody like Mozart. You may summon all your physicians, but they cannot procure for you the sweet, healthful sleep which the tired laborer gets without price. Let no man, then, call himself a proprietor.

— *Selected.*

Write a composition on "Real Wealth."

Character is stronger than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think.

— EMERSON.

XXIX. DIMES AND DOLLARS

1. "Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

Thus an old miser rang the chimes,
 As he knelt by the side of an open box
 With its ironed angles and massive locks.
 And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
 And cried in delirious ecstasy,
 "Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
 Ye are the ladders by which man climbs
 Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
 Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

2. A ring at the door, and the miser rose,
 Quickly his laden coffer to close.
 He locked it securely: "These are the times
 For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
 A letter, ha! from my prodigal son?
 The old tale — poverty! Pshaw, begone!
 Why did he marry when I forbade?
 Marry for *love* — the ridiculous lad!
 As he has sown so must he reap;
 But I my dollars secure will keep.
 'A sickly wife and starving times' ?
 He should have wed with dollars and dimes."

3. Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
 Doors and windows were bolted well.
 "Ha!" cried the miser, "glory to trade!
 A thousand guineas to-day I've made.
 Money makes money; these are the times
 To double and treble the dollars and dimes."

Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan ;
 Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
 And he fell asleep to the midnight chimes,
 Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

4. The sun rose high, and its beaming ray
 Into the miser's room found way.
 It moved from the foot till it lit the head
 Of the miser's low uncurtained bed ;
 And it seemed to say to him, " Sluggard, awake !
 Thou hast a thousand dollars to make.
 Up, man, up ! " How still was the place,
 As the bright ray fell on the miser's face !
 Ha ! the old miser at last is dead !
 Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,
 And he left behind but an earthly clod,
 Akin to the dross that he made his god.
5. What now avail the clinking chimes
 Of dimes and dollars ! dollars and dimes !
 Men of the times ! men of the times !
 Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
 Use them well, and their use sublimes
 The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
 Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
 Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
 Men of the times ! men of the times !
 Let charity dwell with your dollars and dimes.

— HENRY WILLIS.

"I count this thing to be grandly true :
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,
 Lifting the soul from the common clod
 To a purer air and a broader view."

XXX. "PRACTICALITY"

1. Though I am no poet, I have dreams sometimes : — I dreamed I was at a child's May Day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for the children by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it ; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly.

2. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day ; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations ; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers ; sweet, grassy banks for rest ; and smooth lawns for play ; and pleasant streams and woods ; and rocky places for climbing.

3. And the children were happy for a little while, but presently they separated themselves into parties ; and then each party declared it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarreled violently, which pieces they would have ; and at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower beds till there was hardly a flower left standing ; then they trampled down each other's bits of the garden out of spite ; and the girls cried till they could cry no more ; and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.

4. Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them, there had been provided every kind of indoors pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty, fantastic dresses, for the girls to dress in; and a table, in the dining-room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

5. But in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more practical children, that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs; and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently, the others, who were reading, or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and, in a little while, all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then, everybody wanted some of somebody else's. The really practical and sensible ones declared, that nothing was of any real consequence, that afternoon, except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books, and the cakes, and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only if they could be exchanged for nail heads.

6. And at last they began to fight for nail heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there, a despised one shrank away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book, in the midst of the noise; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail heads all the afternoon — even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them.

7. But no — it was, "Who has most nails? I have a hundred, and you have fifty;" or, "I have a thousand

and you have two;" or, "I must have as many as you before I leave the house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace." At last they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, "What a false dream that is, of *children*. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do."

— JOHN RUSKIN.

XXXI. DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY

1. This sentence contains the substance of the moral law — that law which points out our duty to our fellow-men. Now, what do we wish of our fellow-men? How do we desire that others should treat us? We wish them to treat us kindly, justly, charitably; we wish them to be polite, affectionate, cheerful, pleasant.

2. Let us, then, be kind, just, charitable, polite, affectionate, cheerful, pleasant to others. If all would observe this beautiful rule, how happy should we be, and how happy should we make all around us! What a delightful world this would become, if every one would look about, and do to his neighbor as he would wish his neighbor to do to him!

3. To show how pleasantly this rule would work, let me tell you a story — a true one. The horse of a pious man chanced to stray from his owner's premises into the public road. His neighbor put him into the pound. Happening to meet the owner soon after, he told him what he had done. "And if hereafter I catch him in the road," said he, "*I will do so again.*"

4. "Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow. I went and drove them out, and shut them up in your yard; and if the like should occur here-

after, *I will do so again.*" Struck with the reply, the man took the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.

— *Selected.*

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS

1. Androcles, from his injured lord in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled :
Tired of his toilsome flight, and parched with heat,
He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat ;
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came :
He roared, approaching ; but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed, arrived within ;
And, with expressive looks, his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
2. The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not a while afford his trembling hand ;
But, bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought ; he wiped the sanious blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
3. But thus to live, still lost, sequestered still —
Scarce seemed his lord's revenge a heavier ill !
Home ! native home ! oh, might he but repair !
He must — he will — though death attends him there

He goes, and, doomed to perish, on the sands
 Of the full theater unpitied stands ;
 When, lo ! the self-same lion from his cage
 Flies to devour him, famished into rage.

4. He flies, but, viewing in his purposed prey
 The man his healer, pauses on his way,
 And, softened by remembrance into sweet
 And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
 Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze :
 But why, ye Romans ? Whence your mute amaze ?
 All this is natural : Nature bade him rend
 An enemy, she bids him spare a friend.

— COWPER.

XXXII. TACT AND TALENT

1. Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable ; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch ; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times ; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man into the world ; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

2. Talent is power, tact is skill ; talent is weight, tact is momentum ; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it ; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected ; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

3. Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that shall scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

4. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact arouses astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

5. Take them into the church: talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one, talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

6. Take them to court: talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate: talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it.

7. Tact seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an extempore apprenticeship;

it wants no drilling ; it never ranks in the awkward squad ; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte.

— *London Atlas.*

Which is the nobler — tact or talent ? Which pursues truth ? Which success ? Which serves humanity and high ideals ? Which serves self, appearances, the aims of the hour ? This selection compares tact and talent from the point of view of personal success. Write a brief essay, justifying tact on some higher ground.

XXXIII. SPEECH AND SILENCE

1. He who speaks honestly cares not, needs not care, though his words be preserved to remotest time. The dishonest speaker, not he only who purposely utters falsehoods, but he who does not purposely, and with sincere heart, utter Truth, and Truth alone ; who babbles he knows not what, and has clapped no bridle on his tongue, but lets it run racket, ejecting chatter and futility — is among the most indisputable malefactors omitted, or inserted, in the Criminal Calendar.

2. To him that will well consider it, idle speaking is precisely the beginning of all Hollowness, Halfness, Infidelity (want of Faithfulness); the genial atmosphere in which rank weeds of every kind attain the mastery over noble fruits in man's life, and utterly choke them out: one of the most crying maladies of these days, and to be testified against, and in all ways to the uttermost withstood.

3. Wise, of a wisdom far beyond our shallow depth, was that old precept: "Watch thy tongue; out of it are

the issues of Life !” Man is properly an *incarnated word* : the *word* that he speaks is the *man* himself. Were eyes put into our head, that we might see, or that we might fancy, and plausibly pretend, we had seen? Was the tongue suspended there, that it might tell truly what we had seen, and make man the soul’s brother of man ; or only that it might utter vain sounds, jargon, soul-confusing, and so divide man, as by enchanted walls of Darkness, from union with man ?

4. Thou who wearest that cunning, heaven-made organ, a Tongue, think well of this. Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself, till thou have other than mad and mad-making noises to emit ; hold thy tongue till *some* meaning lie behind, to set it wagging.

5. Consider the significance of SILENCE . it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted, unspeakably profitable to thee ! Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor ; out of Silence comes thy strength. “Speech is silvern, Silence is golden ; Speech is human, Silence is divine.”

6. Fool ! thinkest thou that because no one stands near with parchment and blacklead to note thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless? Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity ! The Recording Angel, consider it well, is no fable, but the truest of truths.

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

“A slip of the foot you may soon recover,
But a slip of the tongue you may never get over.”

XXXIV. THE SILENT ACADEMY

1. In Memphis, the capital of ancient Egypt, there was a celebrated academy, one of the rules of which was as follows: "Members will meditate much, write little, and talk the least possible." The institution was known as "The Silent Academy"; and there was not a person of any literary distinction in Egypt who was not ambitious of belonging to it.

2. Akmed, a young Egyptian of great erudition and exquisite judgment, was the author of an admirable treatise, entitled "The Art of Brevity." It was a masterpiece of condensation and precision, and he was laboring to compress it still more, when he learned, in his provincial seclusion, that there was a place vacant in the Silent Academy.

3. Although he had not yet completed his twenty-third year, and although a great number of competitors were intriguing for the vacant place, he went and presented himself as a candidate at the door of the celebrated academy. A crowd of gossiping loungers in the portico speedily gathered around the taciturn stranger, and plied him, all at once, with a multitude of questions — a species of inquisition to which newcomers were generally subjected.

4. Without proffering a word in reply, Akmed proceeded directly to the object he had in view, and, approaching one of the ushers, placed in his hands a letter, addressed to the President of the august institution, and containing these words: "Akmed humbly solicits the vacant place." The usher delivered the letter at once; but Akmed and his application had arrived too late. The place was already filled.

5. By a system of intrigue and management, which even

academies sometimes find irresistible, the favorite candidate of a certain rich man had been elected. The members of the Silent Academy were much chagrined when they learned what they had lost in consequence. The new member was a glib and garrulous pretender, whose verbose jargon was as unprofitable as it was wearisome; whereas Akmed, the scourge of all babblers, never gave utterance to a word which was not sententious and suggestive.

6. How should they communicate to the author of "The Art of Brevity" the unpleasant intelligence of the failure of his application? They were at a loss for the best mode of proceeding, when the President hit upon this expedient: he filled a goblet with water, but so full that a single drop more would have caused it to overflow. Then he made a sign that the candidate should be introduced.

7. Akmed entered the hall, where the academicians were all assembled. With slow and measured steps, and that genuine modesty of demeanor which ever accompanies true merit, he advanced. At his approach, the President politely rose, and, without uttering a word, pointed out to him, with a gesture of regret, the fatal token of his exclusion.

8. Smiling at the emblem, the significance of which he at once comprehended, the young Egyptian was not in the least disconcerted. Persuaded that the admission of a supernumerary member would be productive of no harm to the academy, and would violate no essential law, he picked up a rose leaf which he saw lying at his feet, and placed it on the surface of the water so gently that it floated without causing the slightest drop to overflow.

9. At this ingenious and readily intelligible response, a general clapping of hands spoke the applauding admiration of the assembled members of the academy. By unanimous consent they suspended their rules so as to make an excep-

tion in favor of Akmed's admission. They handed him their registry of names, and he inscribed his own name at the end.

10. It now only remained for him to pronounce, according to custom, an address of thanks ; but he was resolved to act consistently with that principle of the academy which enjoined the utmost parsimony of words. On the margin of the column where he had written his name, he traced the number 100, representing his brethren of the academy and the number to which they had been limited. Then placing a cipher before the figure 1 (thus, 0100), he wrote underneath : " Their number has been neither diminished nor increased."

11. Delighted at the laconic ingenuity and becoming modesty of Akmed, the President shook him affectionately by the hand ; and then, substituting the figure 1 for the cipher which preceded the number 100 (thus, 1100), he appended these words : " Their number has been increased tenfold."

— *From the French.*

XXXV. IS KNOWLEDGE POWER ?

1. If I wished to prove the value of religion, would you think I served it much if I took as my motto " Religion is power " ? Would not that be a base and sordid view of its advantages ? And would you not say, he who regards religion as a power intends to abuse it ? If the cause be holy, do not weigh it in the scales of the market ; if its objects be peaceful, do not seek to arm it with the weapons of strife ; if it is to be the cement of society, do not vaunt it as the triumph of class against class.

2. Knowledge is *one* of the powers in the moral world

but one that, in its immediate result, is not always of the most worldly advantage to the possessor. It is one of the slowest, because one of the most durable, of agencies. It may take a thousand years for a thought to come into power, and the thinker who originated it might have died in rags or in chains. Saith an Italian proverb, "The teacher is like the candle, which lights others in consuming itself."

3. Therefore, he who has the true ambition of knowledge should entertain it for the power of his idea, not for the power it may bestow on himself. It should be lodged in the conscience, and, like the conscience, look for no certain reward on this side the grave. And, since knowledge is compatible with good and with evil, would it not be better to say, "Knowledge is a trust"? Hence, so far from considering that we do all that is needful to accomplish ourselves as men when we cultivate only the intellect, we should remember that we thereby continually increase the range of our desires, and therefore of our temptations.

4. We should endeavor, simultaneously, to cultivate both those affections of the heart which prove the ignorant to be God's children no less than the wise, and those moral qualities which have made men great and good when reading and writing were scarcely known. Patience and fortitude under poverty and distress; humility and beneficence amidst grandeur and wealth, justice, the father of all the more solid virtues, softened by charity, which is their loving mother; accompanied by these, knowledge, indeed, becomes the magnificent crown of humanity, — not the imperious despot, but the checked and tempered sovereign of the soul.

— SIR E. BULWER-LYTTON.

XXXVI. THE PLOWMAN

1. Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam !
 Lo ! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
 With Toil's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,
 The lord of earth, the hero of the plow !
 First in the field before the reddening sun,
 Last in the shadows when the day is done,
 Line after line, along the bursting sod,
 Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod.

2. Still, where he treads, the stubborn clods divide,
 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide ;
 Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
 Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves ;
 Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
 Slants the long track that scores the level plain.

3. Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;
 At every turn the loosening chains resound,
 The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,
 Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
 And weary hands unbind the panting steers.

4. These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
 The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings :
 This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
 Changed by the sun to words of living green ;
 This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
 Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;
 These are the lines, O Heaven-commanded Toil !
 That fill thy deed — the charter of the soil !

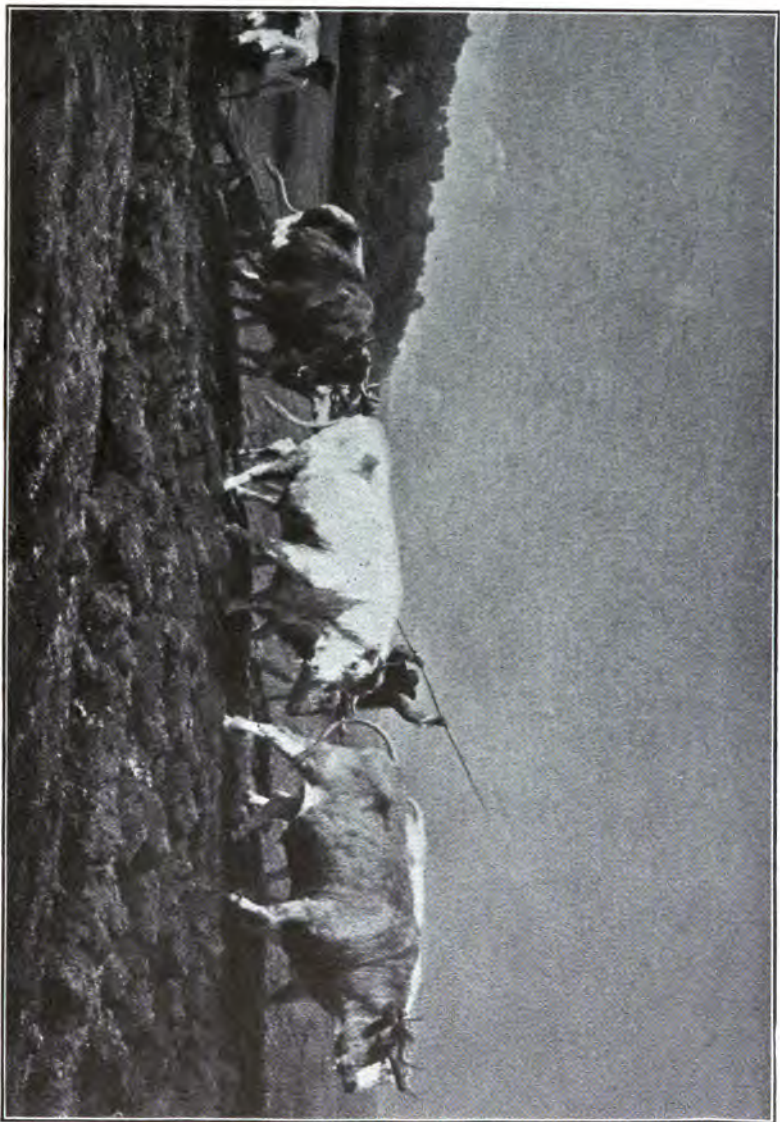
5. O gracious mother, whose benignant breast
 Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest !
 How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
 Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time !
 We stain thy flowers, they blossom o'er the dead ;
 We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;
 O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
 Waves the green plumage of thy tasseled corn ;
 Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
 Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XXXVII. LABOR AND GENIUS

1. The prevailing idea with young people has been, the incompatibility of labor and genius ; and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so *unfortunate* as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do was to act up to the dignity of the character ; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

2. It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest



“Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way.”

poets, orators, statesmen, and historians — men of the most brilliant and imposing talents — have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes ; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

3. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock ; Mr. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings ; Leibnitz was never out of his library ; Pascal killed himself by study ; Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause ; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney — he had mastered all the knowledge of his time ; so had Homer. Raphael lived but thirty-seven years ; and in that short space carried his art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

4. There are instances to the contrary ; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility — overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men — thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world.

5. And then, when their time has come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind. Then do the multitude cry out, "A miracle of genius !" Yes, he *is* a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor ; because, instead of trusting

to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds ; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced ; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.

6. But, while I am descanting upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some may be disposed to ask, "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge? — What is the use of so much life? what are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence ; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains — it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched ! Upon something it *must* act and feed — upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

7. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say, but love innocence ; love virtue ; love purity of conduct ; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice ; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes ; love

that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud!

8. Therefore, if any young man here have embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

— SYDNEY SMITH.

“Man conquers the sea and its storms. He climbs the heavens, and searches out the mysteries of the stars. He harnesses the lightning. He bids the rocks dissolve, and summons the secret atoms to give up their names and laws. He subdues the face of the world, and compels the forces of the waters, and the fires, to be his servants.”

XXXVIII. WORK

I.

1. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; as physically impossible as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthily minded people like making money — ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money; it is something better than money.

2. A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay — very properly so, and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it; still, his main notion of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them.

3. So of doctors. They like fees, no doubt — ought to like them; yet if they are brave and well educated, the entire object of their lives is not fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick; and — if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them — would rather cure their patient and lose their fee than kill him and get it. And so with all other brave and rightly trained men; their work is first, their fee second; very important always, but still *second*.

4. But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class who are cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second.

5. And this is no small distinction. It is the whole distinction in a man. You cannot serve two masters; you *must* serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master.

6. Observe, then, all wise work is mainly threefold in character. It is honest, useful, and cheerful. I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognize honesty in play, and you do not in work. In your lightest games you have always some one to see what you call "fair play." In boxing, you must hit fair; in racing, start fair. Your watchword is fair play; your hatred, foul play. Did it ever strike you that you wanted another watchword also, fair work, and another hatred also, foul work?

—JOHN RUSKIN.

II.

1. There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature: the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

2. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it. How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows!—draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest

grass blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small !

3. Labor is life ; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred, celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God ; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, “ self-knowledge,” and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge ! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that ; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working : the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge ; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices till we try it and fix it. “ Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone.”

4. Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring gospel : work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work ? — and burns like a painfully smoldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee ! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient, and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy : attack him swiftly, subdue him ; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity, and thee ! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it ; that, in

place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

5. But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness — attack it, I say ; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives ; but smite, smite in the name of God ! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee : still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds ; for the SILENCE of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning stars, does it not speak to thee ? The unborn ages ; the old graves, with their long-moldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry — do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard ? The deep death kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day ; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

6. All true work is sacred ; in all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdoms — up to that “ agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine ! O brother, if this is not “ worship,” then, I say, the more pity for worship ; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky.

7. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil ? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother ; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God’s eternity ; surviving there, they alone surviving : sacred band of the immortals, celestial

bodyguard of the empire of mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving: peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind — as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, “WITH IT, MY SON, OR UPON IT!” Thou, too, shalt return *home*, in honor to thy far-distant home, in honor; doubt it not — if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepest death kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

If you find Carlyle's style difficult, read the selection again. Study every passage until you fully understand it. You doubtless do a good deal of careless, hurried reading. To correct the habit, stop whenever you come to a passage that to you is obscure and insist upon understanding it clearly before continuing.

XXXIX. SONG OF THE SOWER

1. The maples redden in the sun;
 In autumn gold the beeches stand;
 Rest, faithful plow, thy work is done
 Upon the teeming land.
 Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
 On every breath that sweeps the sky,
 The fresh, dark acres furrowed lie,
 And ask the sower's hand.
 Loose the tired steed and let him go
 To pastures where the gentians blow;
 And we, who till the grateful ground,
 Fling we the golden shower around.

2. Fling wide the generous grain ! we fling
 O'er the dark mold the green of spring :
 For thick the emerald blades shall grow,
 When first the March winds melt the snow,
 And to the sleeping flowers, below,
 The early bluebirds sing.
 Fling wide the grain ! we give the fields
 The ears that nod in summer's gale,
 The shining stems that summer gilds,
 The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
 And swells, an amber sea, between
 The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.

3. Hark ! from the murmuring clods I hear
 Glad voices of the coming year :
 The song of him who binds the grain,
 The shout of those that load the wain ;
 And from the distant grange there comes
 The clatter of the thresher's flail,
 And steadily the millstone hums
 Down in the willow vale.

4. Fling wide the golden shower ! we trust
 The strength of armies to the dust —
 The peaceful lea may haply yield
 Its harvest for the tented field.
 Ha ! feel ye not your fingers thrill,
 As o'er them, in the yellow grains,
 Glide the warm drops of blood that fill,
 For mortal strife, the warrior's veins ?
 Such as, on Solferino's day,
 Slaked the brown sand and flowed away ;

Flowed till the herds, on Mincio's brink,
 Snuffed the red stream, and feared to drink ; —

5. Blood that in deeper pools shall lie
 On the sad earth, as time grows gray—
 When men by deadlier arts shall die,
 And deeper darkness blot the sky
 Above the thundering fray ;
 And realms that hear the battle cry
 Shall sicken with dismay ;
 And chieftains to the war shall lead
 Whole nations, with the tempest's speed,
 To perish in a day ;
 Till man, by love and mercy taught,
 Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought,
 And lay the sword away.
 Oh ! strew, with pausing, shuddering hand,
 The seed upon the helpless land,
 As if, at every step, ye cast
 The pelting hail and riving blast.

6. Nay, strew, with free and joyous sweep,
 The seed upon the expecting soil ;
 For hence the plenteous year shall heap
 The garner of the men who toil.
 Strew the bright seed for those who tear
 The matted sward with spade and share,
 And those whose sounding axes gleam
 Beside the lonely forest stream,
 Till its broad banks lie bare ;
 And him who breaks the quarry ledge,
 With hammer blows, plied quick and strong,
 And him who, with the steady sledge,
 Smites the shrill anvil all day long.

7. Sprinkle the furrow's even trace
 For those whose toiling hands uprear
 The roof trees of our swarming race,
 By grove and plain, by stream and mere;
 Who forth from crowded city lead
 The lengthening street, and overlay
 Green orchard plot and grassy mead
 With pavement of the murmuring way.
 Cast, with full hands, the harvest cast,
 For the brave men that climb the mast,
 When to the billow and the blast
 It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,
 And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,
 Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,
 Safe as a seabird in the main.
8. Fling wide the grain for those who throw
 The clanking shuttle to and fro,
 In the long row of humming rooms,
 And into ponderous masses wind
 The web that, from a thousand looms,
 Comes forth to clothe mankind.
 Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them,
 By whom the busy thread,
 Along the garment's even hem
 And winding seam is led —
 A pallid sisterhood, that keep
 The lonely lamp alight,
 In strife with weariness and sleep,
 Beyond the middle night.
 Large part be theirs in what the year
 Shall ripen for the reaper here.

9. Still strew, with joyous hand, the wheat
 On the soft mold beneath our feet ;
 For even now I seem
 To hear a sound that lightly rings
 From murmuring harp and viol's strings,
 As in a summer dream.
 The welcome of the wedding guest,
 The bridegroom's look of bashful pride,
 The faint smile of the pallid bride,
 And the bridemaids' blush at matron's jest,
 And dance, and song, and generous dower,
 Are in the shining grains we shower.

10. Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,
 Who, hunger-worn, rejoice again
 In the sweet safety of the shore ;
 And wanderers, lost in woodlands drear,
 Whose pulses bound with joy to hear
 The herd's light bell once more.
 Freely the golden spray be shed
 For him whose heart, when night comes down
 On the close alleys of the town,
 Is faint for lack of bread.

11. In chill roof chambers, bleak and bare,
 Or the damp cellar's stifling air,
 She who now sees, in mute despair,
 Her children pine for food,
 Shall feel the dews of gladness start
 To lids long tearless, and shall part
 The sweet loaf, with a grateful heart,
 Among her thin, pale brood.

Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till !
 Oh, for thy famished children, fill,
 Where'er the sower walks,
 Fill the rich ears that shade the mold
 With grain for grain, a hundred fold,
 To bend the sturdy stalks.

12. The tempest now may smite, the sleet
 All night on the drowned furrow beat,
 And winds that, from the cloudy hold
 Of winter, breathe the bitter cold,
 Stiffen to stone the mellow mold,
 Yet safe shall lie the wheat ;
 Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,
 Shall walk again the genial year,
 To wake with warmth, and nurse with dew,
 The germs we lay to slumber here.
13. O blessed harvest yet to be !
 Abide thou with the love that keeps,
 In its warm bosom, tenderly,
 The life which wakes, and that which sleeps.
 The love that leads the willing spheres
 Along the unending track of years,
 And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,
 Shall brood above thy winter rest,
 And raise thee from the dust, to hold
 Light whisperings with the winds of May,
 And fill thy spikes with living gold,
 From summer's yellow ray.
14. Then, as thy garner's give thee forth,
 On what glad errands shalt thou go,
 Wherever, o'er the waiting earth,
 Roads wind, and rivers flow !

The ancient East shall welcome thee,
 To mighty marts beyond the sea ;
 And they who dwell where palm groves sound
 To summer winds the whole year round,
 Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,
 The sails that bring thy glistening store.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

XL. CONTROL OF THE MIND

1. The first and great object of education is to discipline the mind. It is naturally, like the colt, wild and ungoverned. Let any man, who has not subdued his mind, more or less, by close thought, sit down and take hold of a subject, and try to "think it out." The result will be, that he cannot hold his thoughts upon the point. They fly off — they wander away. He brings them back, and determines now to hold his attention there ; when, at once, ere he knows how, he again finds himself away. The process is repeated, till he gives it up in discouragement, or else goes to sleep. I once heard a young man complaining that he could not keep his mind fixed on a point. "It rolled off like a barrel from a pin ;" and he gave some hints that possibly it might be that his mind was so *great* ! His gravity altogether exceeded that of his associates, to whom he was giving the explanation. How many great minds would there be, if such indications were to be relied on !

2. As a *student*, then, it is not important that you should try to lay up a vast amount of information. The object now is, to fit the mind for future acquisitions and future usefulness. The magazine will be filled soon enough ; and we need not be too anxious to fill it while we are

getting it ready for use. I am desirous that you have it strongly impressed on the memory that the great object now is, to set the mind out on a course which she can successfully pursue herself, and that, too, through life.

3. You must calculate to improve through life; and, therefore, now try to form habits of study, and learn how to study to advantage. "Newton was in his eighty-fifth year improving his Chronology; and Waller, at eighty-two, is thought to have lost none of his poetical fire."

4. Make it the first object to be able to fix and hold your attention upon your studies. He who can do this has mastered many and great difficulties; and he who cannot do it will in vain look for success in any department of study. "To effect any purpose in study, the mind must be concentrated. If any other object plays on the fancy than that which ought to be exclusively before it, the mind is divided, and both are neutralized, so as to lose their effect — just as when I learned two systems of shorthand: I was familiar with Gurney's method, and wrote it with ease; but when I took it into my head to learn Byrom's, they destroyed each other, and I could write neither." What is commonly called *abstraction in study* is nothing more than having the attention so completely occupied with the subject in hand, that the mind takes notice of nothing without itself. Why does the boy who has a large sum upon his slate, scowl, and rub out, and begin again, and grow discouraged? Because he has not yet learned to command his attention. He was going on well, when some new thought flashed into his mind, or some new object caught his eye, and he lost the train of calculation. Why has that Latin or Greek word so puzzled you to remember, that you have had to look it out in your dictionary some ten or a dozen times? And why do you now

look at it as at a stranger, whose name you *ought* to know, but which you cannot recall? Because you have not yet acquired fully the power of fixing your attention. That word would have been remembered long since, if it had not passed as a shadow before your mind when you looked at it.

5. The difficulty of confining the attention is probably the secret of the plan of Demosthenes, who shut himself up in his celebrated dark cave for study; and this will account for the fact that a person who is unexpectedly deprived of the use of his eyes will not infrequently make advances in thought, and show a strength of mind, unknown before. I have often seen boys take their books on a summer's day, and flee from their room to the grove, and from the grove back again, full of uneasiness, and in vain hoping that changing the place would give them some new power over the roving attention, and that indescribable restlessness, so inseparable from the early efforts to subdue the mind. It is all in vain. You cannot fly from yourself; and the best way is, to sit directly down in your room, and there command your attention to fix itself upon the hard, dry lesson, and master it; and when you have brought this rover to obey you once, he will be more ready to obey the next time. Attention will more readily come at your call to-morrow than to-day.

6. *Patience* is a virtue kindred to attention; and without it, the mind cannot be said to be disciplined. Patient labor and investigation are not only essential to success in study, but are an unfailing guarantee to success. The young man is in danger of feeling "that he will strike out something new. His spirits are buoyant and his hopes sanguine." He knows not the mortified feeling of being repeatedly defeated by himself. He will burst upon the

world at once, and strike the blows of a giant, while his arm is that of a child. He is not to toil up the hill, and wait for years of self-discipline, close, patient study, and hard labor—not he; but before you know it, he will be on the heights of the highest Alps, with a lofty feeling, looking down upon the creepers below.

7. Thus, multitudes waste life, and absolutely fritter away their existence, in doing nothing, except waiting for a golden opportunity to do something great and magnificent. Did not Patrick Henry burst upon the world at once, and at once exhibit the strength of a giant? If he did, he is no specimen of ordinary minds, and no man has a right to presume upon anything more than an intellect of ordinary dimensions as his own. What multitudes of men lie still, and never lift the pen, because the time is not come! When they come out, it must be in a “great book,” a splendid address, or some great effort. The tree must not be allowed to grow by inches; no, at once the sapling must be loaded with the fruit of the tree of threescore years. Alas! trees planted and watered by such expectations will never be more than dwarfs. Franklin rose high, and his name is engraven deep and fair on the roll of immortality; but he began his greatness by making an almanac: he continued to make it for years, and rose, step by step, till he was acknowledged at the head of modern philosophers.

8. Every young man ought to remember that he who would carry the ox must every day shoulder the calf. That great man,¹ who returned to his study, and, finding that his little dog had turned over the table, and burned up the papers on which he had been engaged for years, yet calmly said, “You have done me a great mischief, Diamond,” showed a soul truly great; and its greatness, in this instance,

¹Sir Isaac Newton.

consisted in his patience. Without a murmur, he sat down, and began to do over the same great labor. He lived to complete it; and it was the admiration of the learned world. Yet how few have the patience thus to sit down and labor day by day for years! It is neither a small nor an easy part of education to cultivate this trait of character.

— JOHN TODD.

XLI. BASIS OF TOLERATION

1. When thou art offended with any man's shameless conduct, immediately ask thyself, Is it possible, then, that shameless men should not be in the world? It is not possible. Do not, then, require what is impossible. For this man also is one of those shameless men who must of necessity be in the world. Let the same considerations be present to thy mind in the case of the knave, and the faithless man, and of every man who does wrong in any way. For at the same time that thou dost remind thyself that it is impossible that such kind of men should not exist, thou wilt become more kindly disposed towards every one individually.

2. It is useful to perceive this, too, immediately when the occasion arises, what virtue nature has given to man to oppose to every wrongful act. For she has given to man, as an antidote against the stupid man, mildness, and against another kind of man some other power. And in all cases it is possible for thee to correct by teaching the man who is gone astray; for every man who errs misses his object and is gone astray.

3. Besides, wherein hast thou been injured? For thou wilt find that no one among those against whom thou art irritated has done anything by which thy mind could be

made worse ; but that which is evil to thee and harmful has its foundation only in the mind. And what harm is done or what is there strange, if the man who has not been instructed does the acts of an uninstructed man ? Consider whether thou shouldst not rather blame thyself, because thou didst not expect such a man to err in such a way. For thou hadst means given thee by thy reason to suppose that it was likely that he would commit this error, and yet thou hast forgotten and art amazed that he has erred.

4. But most of all when thou blamest a man as faithless or ungrateful, turn to thyself. For the fault is manifestly thy own, whether thou didst trust that a man who had such a disposition would keep his promise, or when conferring thy kindness thou didst not confer it absolutely, nor yet in such way as to have received from thy very act all the profit.

5. For what more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service ? art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it ? just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet for walking ? For as these members are formed for a particular purpose, and by working according to their several constitutions obtain what is their own ; so also as man is formed by nature to acts of benevolence, when he has done anything benevolent or in any other way conducive to the common interest, he has acted conformably to his constitution, and he gets what is his own.

— MARCUS AURELIUS.

The meditations of the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, have been a comfort to many in deep sorrow. They were written for his own admonishment and are a record of a noble self-schooling that he kept up through life and which lifted him above the morality of ordinary men and sustained him in a calm fortitude that bore all the tests of life unflinchingly and uncomplainingly.

XLII. THE TWO ROADS

1. It was New Year's night; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

2. Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O days of my youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

5. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear: these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness: this was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New Year's night.

6. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

7. And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years have passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!"

—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

If all were ours unearned, what need of action?

If God no problem set for our unfolding,

Where were the joy, the power, the benefaction,

Of toil, and faith, and prayer, our spirits molding?

—EPES SARGENT.

XLIII. END OF THE PLAY

1. The play is done — the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task ;
 And when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

- 2 One word ere yet the evening ends —
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme ;
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas time :
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That fate ere long shall bid you play ;
 Good-night ! — with honest, gentle hearts
 A kindly greeting go away !

3. Good night ! — I'd say the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age.
 I'd say your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain, than those of men —
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

4. I'd say we suffer and we strive
 Not less nor more as men than boys —
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.

And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven that early love and truth
 May never wholly pass away.

5. And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say how fate may change and shift :
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift.
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

6. Who knows the inscrutable design ?
 Blessed be He who took and gave !
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave ?
 We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

7. This crowns his feast with wine and wit —
 Who brought him to that mirth and state ?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that rules it thus.

8. So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed —
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 And longing passion unfulfilled.
 Amen ! — whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snow.
9. Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the awful will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
 Who misses, or who wins the prize —
 Go, lose, or conquer as you can ;
 But if you fall, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
10. A gentleman, or old or young !
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays):
 The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days :
 The shepherds heard it overhead —
 The joyful angels raised it then :
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men.
11. My song, save this, is little worth ;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmastide.
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still —
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.

— WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

XLIV. CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

1. At eleven years old, left, an orphan, to the care of an excellent but unlettered mother, Washington grew up without learning. Of arithmetic and geometry he acquired just knowledge enough to be able to practice measuring land; but all his instruction at school taught him not so much as the orthography or rules of grammar of his own tongue. His culture was altogether his own work, and he was in the strictest sense a self-made man; yet from his early life he never seemed uneducated. At sixteen he went into the wilderness as surveyor, and for three years continued the pursuit, where the forest trained him, in meditative solitude, to freedom and largeness of mind; and Nature revealed to him her obedience to serene and silent laws.

In his intervals from toil, he seemed always to be attracted to the best men, and to be cherished by them. Fairfax, his employer, an Oxford scholar, already aged, became his fast friend. He read little, but with close attention. Whatever he took in hand, he applied himself to with care; and his papers, which have been preserved, show how he almost imperceptibly gained the power of writing correctly, always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity of language and grace.

2. Courage was so natural to him that it was hardly spoken of to his praise; no one ever at any moment of his life discovered in him the least shrinking from danger; and he had a hardihood of daring which escaped notice, because it was so enveloped by superior calmness and wisdom.

3. He was as cheerful as he was spirited; frank and communicative in the society of friends; fond of the fox-chase and the dance; often sportive in his letters; and liked a hearty laugh. This joyousness of disposition re-

mained to the last, though the vastness of his responsibilities was soon to take from him the right of displaying the impulsive qualities of his nature, and the weight which he was to bear up was to overlay and repress his gayety and openness.

4. His hand was liberal ; giving quietly and without observation, as if he were ashamed of nothing but being discovered in doing good. He was kindly and compassionate, and of lively sensibility to the sorrows of others ; so that, if his country had only needed a victim for its relief, he would have willingly offered himself as a sacrifice. But while he was prodigal of himself, he was considerate for others ; ever parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen.

5. His faculties were so well balanced and combined that his constitution, free from excess, was tempered evenly with all the elements of activity, and his mind resembled a well-ordered commonwealth ; his passions, which had the intensest vigor, owned allegiance to reason ; and with all the fiery quickness of his spirit his impetuous and massive will was held in check by consummate judgment. He had in his composition a calm which gave him, in moments of highest excitement, the power of self-control, and enabled him to excel in patience, even when he had most cause for disgust. Washington was offered a command when there was little to bring out the unorganized resources of the continent but his own influence, and authority was connected with the people by the most frail, most attenuated, scarcely discernible threads ; yet, vehement as was his nature, impassioned as was his courage, he so restrained his ardor that he never failed continuously to exert the attracting power of that influence, and never exerted it so sharply as to break its force.

6. His understanding was lucid, and his judgment accu-

rate ; so that his conduct never betrayed hurry or confusion. No detail was too minute for his personal inquiry and continued supervision ; and at the same time he comprehended events in their widest aspects and relations. He never seemed above the object that engaged his attention ; and he was always equal, without an effort, to the solution of the highest questions, even when there existed no precedents to guide his decision.

7. In this way he never drew to himself admiration for the possession of any one quality in excess ; never made in council any one suggestion that was sublime but impracticable ; never in action took to himself the praise or the blame of undertakings astonishing in conception, but beyond his means of execution. It was the most wonderful accomplishment of this man that, placed upon the largest theater of events, at the head of the greatest revolution in human affairs, he never failed to observe all that was possible, and at the same time to bound his aspirations by that which was possible.

8. Profoundly impressed with confidence in God's providence, and exemplary in his respect for the forms of public worship, no philosopher of the eighteenth century was more firm in the support of freedom of religious opinion ; none more tolerant, or more remote from bigotry ; but belief in God and trust in His overruling power formed the essence of his character. Divine wisdom not only illumines the spirit, it inspires the will. Washington was a man of action, and not of theory or words ; his creed appears in his life, not in his professions, which burst from him very rarely, and only at those great moments of crisis in the fortunes of his country, when Earth and Heaven seemed actually to meet, and his emotions became too intense for suppression ; but his whole being was one continued

act of faith in the eternal, intelligent, moral order of the Universe. Integrity was so completely the law of his nature, that a planet would sooner have shot from its sphere than he have departed from his uprightness, which was so constant that it often seemed to be almost impersonal.

9. They say of Giotto, that he introduced goodness into the art of painting: Washington carried it with him to the camp and the cabinet, and established a new criterion of human greatness. The purity of his will confirmed his fortitude; and, as he never faltered in his faith in virtue, he stood fast by that which he knew to be just; free from illusions; never dejected by the apprehension of the difficulties and perils that went before him; and drawing the promise of success from the justice of his cause. Hence he was persevering, leaving nothing unfinished; free from all taint of obstinacy in his firmness; seeking and gladly receiving advice, but immovable in his devotedness to right.

10. Of a "retiring modesty and habitual reserve," his ambition was no more than the consciousness of his power, and was subordinate to his sense of duty; he took the foremost place, for he knew, from inborn magnanimity, that it belonged to him, and he dared not withhold the service required of him; so that, with all his humility, he was by necessity the first, though never for himself or for private ends. He loved fame, the approval of coming generations, the good opinion of his fellow-men of his own time; and he desired to make his conduct coincide with their wishes; but not fear of censure, not the prospect of applause, could tempt him to swerve from rectitude; and the praise which he coveted was the sympathy of that moral sentiment which exists in every human breast, and goes forth only to the welcome of virtue.

11. This also is the praise of Washington, that never in

the tide of time has any man lived who had in so great a degree the almost divine faculty to command the confidence of his fellow-men and rule the willing. Wherever he became known, in his family, his neighborhood, his county, his native state, the continent, the camp, civil life, the United States, among the common people, in foreign courts, throughout the civilized world of the human race, and even among the savages, he, beyond all other men, had the confidence of his kind.

—GEORGE BANCROFT.

XLV. LIBERTY

1. Liberty, gentlemen, is a solemn thing — a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please; but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world — to govern itself.

2. That hour in human life is most serious, when it passes from parental control into free manhood: then must the man bind the righteous law upon himself, more strongly than father or mother ever bound it upon him. And when a people leaves the leading strings of prescriptive authority, and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church, must be built there, to intrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred heritage.

3. Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon — not as a bond.

And there is nothing, I seriously believe, in the present crises of human affairs—there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ideas so much need to be cleared up—to be advanced—to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and terrible responsibility of freedom.

4. In the universe there is no trust so awful as moral freedom; and all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But look at it. Around every human, every rational being, is drawn a circle; the space within is cleared from obstruction, or, at least, from all coercion; it is sacred to the being himself who stands there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsibility. May I say it?—God himself does not penetrate there with any absolute, any coercive power! He compels the winds and waves to obey him; he compels animal instincts to obey him; but he does not compel man to obey. That sphere he leaves free; he brings influences to bear upon it; but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrong, he leaves to man himself.

5. Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble that such a tremendous prerogative is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that solemn trust; nothing but a heroism greater than that which fights battles, and pours out its blood on its country's altar—the heroism of self-renunciation and self-control.

6. Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poets and orators of freedom; with Spenser and Milton, with Hampden and Sydney, with Rienzi and Dante, with Hamilton and Washington, I invoke it. Come that liberty! Come none that does not lead to that! Come the



AT THE GATEWAY OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT STANDS THIS MAJESTIC STATUE
OF LIBERTY, BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR, BARTHOLDI, THE GIFT OF THE
FRENCH PEOPLE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

liberty that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron, and iron law, but of painful constriction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will; the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience!

— ORVILLE DEWEY.

XLVI. RIENZI TO THE ROMANS

Friends!

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves! he sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave! Not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
 To crimson glory and undying fame,
 But base, ignoble slaves! — slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
 Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
 In that strange spell — a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day
 An honest man, my neighbor — there he stands —
 Was struck — struck like a dog — by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood? such shames are common.
 I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to ye —
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,

Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
 Of heaven upon his face which limners give
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved
 That gracious boy! younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son! He left my side —
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
 Have ye brave sons? — Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? — Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, disdained,
 Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
 That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.
 Why, in that elder day to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king! And once again —
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus! — once again I swear
 The eternal city shall be free!

— MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Tell something that you have read or heard of Rome in the days of
 her greatest pride and power; of the courage and devotion of her citi-
 zens; of the simplicity of their lives; of the effect of wealth and luxuri-
 ous living upon the national character.

XLVII. PECULIARITY OF AMERICAN LIBERTY

1. This inheritance which we enjoy to-day is not only an inheritance of liberty, but of our own peculiar American liberty. Liberty has existed in other times, in other countries, and in other forms. There has been a Grecian liberty, bold and powerful, full of spirit, eloquence, and fire; a liberty which produced multitudes of great men, and has transmitted one immortal name, the name of Demosthenes, to posterity. But still it was a liberty of disconnected states, sometimes united, indeed, by temporary leagues and confederacies, but often involved in wars between themselves. The sword of Sparta turned its sharpest edge against Athens, enslaved her and devastated Greece; and, in her turn, Sparta was compelled to bend before the power of Thebes. And let it ever be remembered — especially let the truth sink deep into all American minds — that it was the want of union among her several states which finally gave the mastery of all Greece to Philip of Macedon.

2. And there has also been a Roman liberty, a proud, ambitious, domineering spirit, professing free and popular principles in Rome itself; but even in the best days of the republic ready to carry slavery and chains into her provinces, and through every country over which her eagles could be borne. What was the liberty of Spain, or Gaul, or Germany, or Britain, in the days of Rome? Did true constitutional liberty then exist? As the Roman empire declined, her provinces, not instructed in the principles of free, popular government, one after another declined also; and, when Rome herself fell in the end, all fell together.

3. I have said that our inheritance is an inheritance of American liberty. That liberty is characteristic, peculiar, and altogether our own. Nothing like it existed in former times, nor was known in the most enlightened states of antiquity ; while with us its principles have become interwoven into the minds of individual men, connected with our daily opinions and our daily habits, until it is, if I may so say, an element of social as well as of political life ; and the consequence is, that to whatever region an American citizen carries himself, he takes with him, fully developed in his own understanding and experience, our American principles and opinions ; and becomes ready at once, in coöperation with others, to apply them to the formation of new governments.

4. What has Germany done, learned Germany, fuller of ancient lore than all the world besides ? What has Italy done ? What have they done who dwell on the spot where Cicero lived ? They have not the power of self-government which a common town meeting with us possesses. Yes, I say that those persons who have gone from our town meetings to dig gold in California are more fit to make a republican government than any body of men in Germany or Italy, because they have learned this one great lesson — that there is no security without law, and that, under the circumstances in which they are placed, where there is no military authority to cut their throats, there is no sovereign will but the will of the majority ; that, therefore, if they remain, they must submit to that will. And this I believe to be strictly true.

—DANIEL WEBSTER.

What is the most important principle of a national free government discussed in the foregoing address ?

XLVIII. THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING

1. Out of the North the wild news came,
 Far flashing on its wings of flame,
 Swift as the boreal light which flies
 At midnight through the startled skies.
 And there was tumult in the air,
 The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
 And through the wide land everywhere
 The answering tread of hurrying feet ;
 While the first oath of Freedom's gun
 Came on the blast from Lexington ;
 And Concord roused, no longer tame,
 Forgot her old baptismal name,
 Made bare her patriot arm of power,
 And swelled the discord of the hour.

2. Within its shade of elm and oak
 The church of Berkley Manor stood ;
 There Sunday found the rural folk,
 And some esteemed of gentle blood.
 In vain their feet with loitering tread
 Passed mid the graves where rank is naught ;
 All could not read the lesson taught
 In that republic of the dead.

3. How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
 The vale with peace and sunshine full,
 Where all the happy people walk,
 Decked in their homespun flax and wool !
 Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom ;
 And every maid, with simple art,
 Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
 A bud whose depths are all perfume ;

While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

4. The pastor came ; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose ; the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might —
“ *The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!* ”
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

5. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir ;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

6. A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

7. And now before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

8. "Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

XLIX. AMERICAN LOYALTY

1. Unborn ages and visions of glory crowd upon my soul, the realization of all which, however, is in the hands and good pleasure of Almighty God; but, under his divine blessing, it will be dependent on the character and the virtues of ourselves, and of our posterity. If classical history has been found to be, is now, and shall continue to be, the concomitant of free institutions, and of popular eloquence, what a field is opening to us for another Herodotus, another Thucydides, and another Livy!

2. And let me say, gentlemen, that if we and our posterity shall be true to the Christian religion — if we and they shall live always in the fear of God, and shall respect his commandments — if we and they shall maintain just, moral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life — we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country; and if we maintain those institutions of government and that political union, exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations, we may be sure of one thing — that, while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no Decline and Fall. It will go on prospering and to prosper.

3. But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity. Should that catastrophe happen, let it have no history! Let the horrible narrative never be written! Let its fate be like

that of the lost books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read; or the missing Pleiad, of which no man can ever know more, than that it is lost, and lost forever!

4. But, gentlemen, I will not take my leave of you in a tone of despondency. We may trust that Heaven will not forsake us, nor permit us to forsake ourselves. We must strengthen ourselves, and gird up our loins with new resolution; we must counsel each other; and, determined to sustain each other in the support of the Constitution, prepare to meet manfully, and united, whatever of difficulty or of danger, whatever of effort or of sacrifice, the providence of God may call upon us to meet.

5. Are we of this generation so derelict, have we so little of the blood of our revolutionary fathers coursing through our veins, that we cannot preserve what they achieved? The world will cry out "SHAME" upon us, if we show ourselves unworthy to be the descendants of those great and illustrious men, who fought for their liberty, and secured it to their posterity, by the Constitution of the United States.

6. Gentlemen, inspiring auspices, this day, surround us and cheer us. It is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. We should know this, even if we had lost our calendars, for we should be reminded of it by the shouts of joy and gladness. The whole atmosphere is redolent of his name; hills and forests, rocks and rivers, echo and reëcho his praises. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel, this day, that there is one treasure common to them all, and that is the fame and character of Washington. They recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

7. To the old and the young, to all born in the land, and to all whose love of liberty has brought them from foreign

shores to make this the home of their adoption, the name of Washington is this day an exhilarating theme. Americans by birth are proud of his character, and exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him ; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all the world over, more an object of love and regard than on any day since his birth.

8. Gentlemen, on Washington's principles, and under the guidance of his example, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership our fathers conquered ; and under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles will we also conquer. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it through evil report and through good report. We will meet danger, we will meet death, if they come, in its protection ; and we will struggle on, in daylight and in darkness, aye, in the thickest darkness, with all the storms which it may bring with it, till " Danger's troubled night is o'er, and the star of Peace shall return."

— DANIEL WEBSTER.

L. CENTENNIAL HYMN

1. Our fathers' God ! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.
2. Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

By permission

To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

3. Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun ;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

5. For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee ; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold !
6. Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law ;
And cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old !

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Look up, and not down ;
Look forward, and not back ;
Look out, and not in, and

Lend a hand. — EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

LI. THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

1. You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes.

2. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

3. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

4. What does he find — let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

5. He finds his house in ruins, his farms devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law

or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

6. What does he do — this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

7. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

— HENRY W. GRADY.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it;
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it — let it rest!

— ABRAHAM JOSEPH RYAN.

LII. ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

1. Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

2. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

3. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LIII. THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS

1. Here rest the great and good. Here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And gathers them again, as Winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulcher — green sods
Are all their monument, and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids.
2. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued — these, though mute
As feeling ever is when deepest — these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demigods of old.
3. Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious Liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure, consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awestruck kings,

At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
 Where first our patriots sent the invader back
 Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
 To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.

4. Their feelings were all nature, and they need
 No art to make them known. They live in us,
 While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
 Worshiping nothing but our own pure hearts,
 And the one universal Lord. They need
 No column pointing to the heaven they sought,
 To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
 Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
 And there alone reposes.

5. Let these elms
 Bend their protecting shadow over their graves,
 And build with their green roof the only fane,
 Where we may gather on the hallowed day
 That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.
 Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
 Give not a sound, and all around is mute
 In the deep Sabbath of a heart too full
 For words or tears — here let us strew the sod
 With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
 An offering of the plenty Nature gives,
 And they have rendered ours — perpetually.

— JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

LIV. OUR DUTY TO THE REPUBLIC

1. The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece,

“The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,”

where sister republics, in fair procession, chanted the praises of liberty and the gods—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins. She fell not when the might were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

2. Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the Senate chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions

were bought and sold ; but the people offered the tribute money.

3. We stand, the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and to self-respect.

4. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented ? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end ? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they have themselves created ?

5. Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life blood of Europe and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north ; and, moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself ? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is : “ They were, but they are not ” ? Forbid it, my countrymen ! Forbid it, Heaven !

— JOSEPH STORY.

LV. ADDRESS TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

1. You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder in the strife of your country. Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

2. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward

of your patriotic toils, and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

3. But, alas! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

“another morn,
Risen on mid-noon, —”

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

4. Veterans of half a century! when, in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this. At a period to which you could not reasonably hope to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

5. But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of

the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them ! and when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled ; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

— DANIEL WEBSTER.

LVI. WHAT MAKES A NATION ?

1. What makes a nation ? Bounding lines that lead from
 shore to shore,
 That trace its girth on silent hills or on the prairie floor,
 That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the fields
 between —
 The lines that stand about the land a barrier unseen ?

2. Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that sweep
 the seas,
 The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the breeze,
 The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or victor's
 song,
 Or parchment screed, or storied deed, that makes a na-
 tion strong ?

3. What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags or guns?
 Or is it that great common heart which beats in all her sons —
 That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in one for all
 Which sets the goal for every soul that hears his country's call?
4. This makes a nation great and strong and certain to endure,
 This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him sure,
 Which makes him know there is no north or south or east or west,
 But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the best.

—W. D. NESBIT.

LVII. THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

1. The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. The truest tokens of this grandeur in a state are the diffusion of the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless, godlike justice which controls the relations of the state to other states, and to all the people who are committed to its charge.

2. But war crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is godlike in man. "It is," says the eloquent Robert Hall, "the temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." True, it cannot be disguised that there are passages in its dreary annals cheered by deeds of generosity and sacrifice; but the virtues which shed their charm over the horrors are all borrowed of peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war, like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization.

3. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry and by golden eagles which moved in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son! God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen far, oh, far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen.

4. As we cast our eyes over the history of nations, we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, stag-

gering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore.

5. Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured ; in the good he has accomplished ; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice ; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

6. As the ocean washes every shore, and clasps with all-embracing arms every land, while it bears on its heaving bosom the products of various climes, so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

7. And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their luster. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature — not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton — not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown — but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. . . .

8. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off forever the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era. Lift high the gates and let the King of glory in — the King of true

glory, of peace. I shall catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty —

“And let the whole earth be filled with his glory!”

9. It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country. The temple of honor shall be surrounded by the temple of concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within, Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be “the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen.”

10. But while we seek these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty.

11. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed by massacring soldiers on the spot occupied by the sepulcher of the Lord. Vain man, to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mold! The whole earth is the sepulcher of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth; and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall

be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

— CHARLES SUMNER.

LVIII. PATRIOTISM

1. Right and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong!" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the custom house, both of them chuckling, "My fortune, however acquired."

2. Thus, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land—of mountains, rivers, and woods—but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

3. In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm, this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

4. So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once compre-

hending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free.

5. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall—recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause.

—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

LIX. THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

1. Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans, he met this gay, bright young fellow. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. Under this baneful influence poor Nolan became sick of the service, and in time turned traitor to his country. He was tried before a court martial for treason, and found guilty enough; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that when the president of the court asked him if he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy:

2. "Curse the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

3. I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution,

and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness.

4. Old Morgan was, indeed, terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

5. "Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

6. Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute.

7. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there." The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

8. "Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. The Court is adjourned without day."

9. President Jefferson approved the sentence of the court, and Philip Nolan was a man without a country. The secretary of the navy was requested to put him on board a government vessel, and to direct that under no circumstances was the prisoner ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it. Otherwise he had the freedom of the ship on which he was confined. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home, or of the prospect of return, of

politics or letters, of peace or of war — cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea.

10. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy ; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later ; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. Among these books was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. Nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud.

11. Well, it so happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others ; and he read very well. No one in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming —

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said" —

12. It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time ; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on —

"This is my own, my native land!"

13. Then they all saw that something was to pay ; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on —

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand ? —
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well” —

14. By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages ; but he had not quite presence of mind for that ; he colored crimson, and staggered on —

“For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self” —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, slung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, and we did not see him again for two months.

15. He never read aloud again unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward, very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends.

16. A happier story than this one I have told is of the war which came along soon after. In one of the great frigate duels with the English, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun’s crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon’s people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand ; and, just as if he

had been the officer, told them off with authority, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, in command of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said :

17. "I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

18. "I see you are, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir," said the captain.

19. And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, the captain said :

20. "Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

21. And when Nolan came, he said : "Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the dispatches."

22. And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that wretched day at Fort Adams.

23. The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that Nolan might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the secretary of war, but nothing ever came of it.

24. My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given

that on that day nothing was to be said about home. I did not ask why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason.

25. I first came to understand about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent who could speak Portuguese. Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, as he understood the language.

26. "Tell them they are free," said Vaughan.

27. Nolan put that into such Portuguese as the negroes could understand. Then there was a yell of delight, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet.

28. "Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

29. This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was far from the homes of most of them, and their interpreters instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas.*" Vaughan asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he said:

30. "He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that they caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in a barracoon."

31. As quick as Vaughan could get words, he said :
" Tell them yes, yes, yes ; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home ! "

32. And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

33. But he could not stand it long ; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way he said to me : " Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy ; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy ; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it ; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, " and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, " never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country, herself, your Country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother."

34. I was frightened by his calm, hard passion ; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me ; but he did, almost in a whisper, say : " Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age ! "

35. When we parted from him at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was glad to meet him once more in 1830, but after that I never saw him again. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

36. Since writing this, I have received a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. Here is an extract from the letter :

LEVANT, 2° 2' S. 131° W.

DEAR FRED : — I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there — the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom — and he said he should like to see me. Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, " Here, you see, I have a country ! "

And he said, " Look in my Bible, when I am gone " And I went away. I had no thought it was the end. But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile.

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text :

" They desire a country, even a heavenly : wherefore God is not

ashamed to be called their God : for He hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written :

"Bury me in the sea ; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it :

"IN MEMORY OF

"PHILIP NOLAN

"Lieutenant in the Army of the United States

"He loved his country as no other man has loved her ;
but no man deserved less at her hands."

— EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

LX. OUR NATIONAL SONGS

1. Songs of our land, ye are with us forever !
The power and the splendor of thrones pass away ;
But yours is the might of some deep-rolling river,
Still flowing in freshness through things that decay.
Yet treasure the voices of long-vanished ages ;
Like our time-honored towers, in beauty ye stand ;
Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,
And keep them among us, old songs of our land !
2. The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave ;
But far in the future the power of their numbers
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.
It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,
Like voices of reeds by the winter wind fanned ;
It will call up a spirit of freedom, when only
Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

3. For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,
 Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain ;
 They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
 Of love unrewarded, and hope that was vain.
 The page may be lost, and the pen long-forsaken,
 And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and
 hand ;
 But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,
 Like streams in the desert, — sweet songs of our
 land.

— *Selected.*

LXI. UNITY AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND

1. The authors of the American Revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in the service of their own and of all future generations. Their faith was just; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. All men are brothers; and all are bondsmen for one another.

2. All nations, too, are brothers, and each is responsible for that federative humanity which puts the ban of exclusion on none. New principles of government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other. The very idea of the progress of an individual people, in its relation to universal history, springs from the acknowledged unity of the race.

3. To have asserted clearly the unity of mankind was the distinctive glory of the Christian religion. No more were the nations to be severed by the worship of exclusive deities. The world was instructed that all men are of one blood; that for all there is but one divine nature and but

one moral law ; and the renovating faith taught the singleness of the race, of which it embodied the aspirations and guided the advancement.

4. In due time appeared the mariner from Genoa. To Columbus, God gave the keys that unlock the barriers of the ocean. The voice of the world had whispered to him that the world is one ; and as he went forth towards the west, plowing a wave which no European keel had entered, it was his high purpose not merely to open new paths to islands or to continents, but to bring together the ends of the earth, and join all nations in commerce and spiritual life.

5. While the world of mankind is accomplishing its nearer connection, it is also advancing in the power of its intelligence. No period of time has a separate being. We are cheered by rays from former centuries, and live in the sunny reflection of all their light. What though thought is invisible, and even when effective seems as transient as the wind that raised the cloud ? It is yet free and indestructible ; can as little be bound in chains as the aspiring flame ; and, when once generated, takes eternity for its guardian.

6. We are the children and the heirs of the past, with which, as with the future, we are indissolubly linked together ; and he that truly has sympathy with everything belonging to man will with his toils for posterity blend affection for the times that are gone by, and seek to live in the vast life of the ages. It is by thankfully recognizing those ages as a part of the great existence in which we share, that history wins power to move the soul. She comes to us with tidings of that which for us still lives, of that which has become the life of our life.

7. And because the idea of improvement belongs to

that of continuous being, history is, of all pursuits, the most cheering. It throws a halo of delight and hope even over the sorrows of humanity, and finds promises of joy among the ruins of empires and the graves of nations. It sees the footsteps of Providential Intelligence everywhere, and hears the gentle tones of His voice in the hour of tranquillity :

“Nor God alone in the still calm we find ;
He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind.”

8. Institutions may crumble, and governments fall, but it is only that they may renew a better youth, and mount upwards like the eagle. The petals of the flower wither, that fruit may form. The desire of perfection, springing always from moral power, rules even the sword, and escapes unharmed from the field of carnage ; giving to battles all that they can have of luster, and to warriors their only glory ; surviving martyrdoms, and safe amid the wreck of states.

—BANCROFT.

PART II

Constantly regard the universe as one living being, having one substance and one soul ; and observe how all things have reference to one perception, the perception of this one living being ; and how all things act with one movement ; and how all things are the coöperating causes of all things which exist ; observe too the continuous spinning of the thread and the contexture of the web.

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

I. NIAGARA

1. Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yes, flow on,
 Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
 Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
 Eternally, — bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
 Incense of awestruck praise.

2. And who can dare
 To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
 Or love, or sorrow, 'mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood, and his wild waves
 Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
 To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
 His wearied billows from their vexing play,
 And lull them to a cradle calm; but thou
 With everlasting, undecaying tide,
 Doth rest not night or day.

3. The morning stars,
 When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
 Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires
 That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
 The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
 Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
 On thine unfathomed page. Each leafy bough
 That lifts itself within thy proud domain
 Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
 And tremble at the baptism.

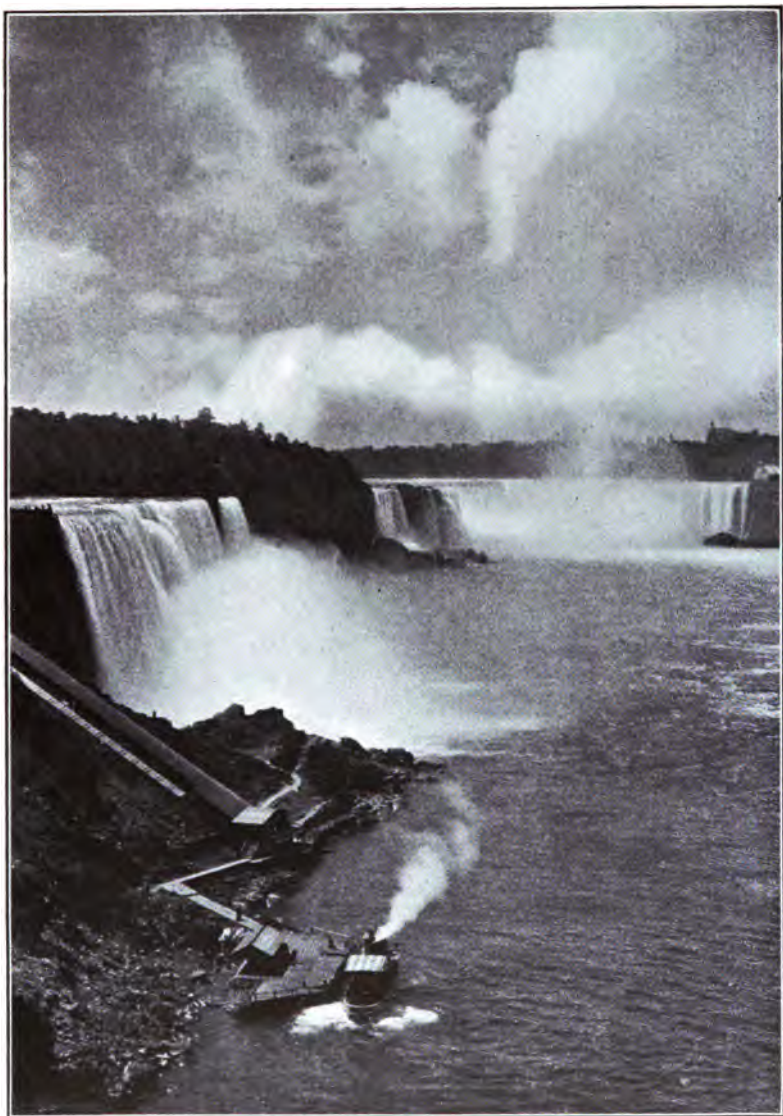
4. Lo! yon birds
 Do venture boldly near, bathing their wing
 Amid thy foam and mist. 'Tis meet for them
 To touch thy garment's hem — or lightly stir
 The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath —
 Who sport unharmed upon the fleecy cloud,
 And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
 Without reproof. But as for us — it seems
 Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks to tint
 Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
 Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
 Were profanation.

5. Thou dost make the soul
 A wondering witness of thy majesty;
 And while it rushes with delirious joy
 To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
 And check its rapture with the humbling view
 Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,
 As if to answer to its God through thee.

— MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

1. The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem
 As if God poured thee from His "hollow hand,"
 And hung His bow upon thine awful front,
 And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Savior's sake
 "The sound of many waters," and had bid



VIEW OF NIAGARA FROM BELOW THE FALLS
The small steamer at the wharf is called "The Maid of the Mist."



Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

2. Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh, what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? — A light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

— BRAINARD.

II. THE SEA AND ITS USES

1. It is a common thing in speaking of the sea to call it "a waste of waters." But this is a mistake. Instead of being a waste and a desert, it keeps the earth itself from becoming a waste and a desert. It is the world's fountain of life and health and beauty, and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forests would crumble on the hills. Water is as indispensable to all life, vegetable or animal, as the air itself. This element of water is supplied entirely by the sea. The sea is the great inexhaustible fountain which is continually pouring *up* into the sky precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into the sea.

2. The sea is the real birthplace of the clouds and the rivers, and out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven. Instead of being a waste and an incumbrance, therefore, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and

mother of all the living. Out of its mighty breast come the resources that feed and support the population of the world. We are surrounded by the presence and bounty of the sea. It looks out upon us from every violet in our garden bed ; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning ; from the bending grain that fills the arm of the reaper ; from bursting presses, and from barns filled with plenty ; from the broad foreheads of our cattle and the rosy faces of our children.

3. It is the sea that feeds us. It is the sea that clothes us. It cools us with the summer cloud, and warms us with the blazing fires of winter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children out of its rolling waters, though we may live a thousand leagues away from its shore, and never have looked on its crested beauty or listened to its eternal anthem. Thus the sea, though it bears no harvest on its bosom, yet sustains all the harvests of the world. If like a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and wormwood, it makes the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys and rivers among the hills.

4. The sea is a perpetual source of health to the world, supplying drainage for the lands. It is the scavenger of the world. The sea is also set to purify the atmosphere. The winds are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they rest when they are weary ; there they rouse themselves when they are refreshed. Thus their whole substance is drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted through and through by this glorious

baptism. Thus they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and, striking their wings for the shore, they go breathing health and vigor.

5. The ocean is not the idle creature that it seems, with its vast and lazy length stretched between the continents, with its huge bulk sleeping along the shore or tumbling in aimless fury from pole to pole. It is a mighty giant, who, leaving his oozy bed, comes up upon the land to spend his strength in the service of man. Thus the sea keeps all our mills and factories in motion. Thus the sea spins our thread and weaves our cloth.

6. It is the sea that cuts our iron bars like wax, rolls them out into proper thinness or piles them up in the solid shaft strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet. It is the sea that tunnels the mountain, and bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depths and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the iron track, that builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils with fiery breath and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the longitudes. It is the power of the sea that is doing for man all those mightiest works that would else be impossible.

— SWAIN.

III. APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

1. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,

To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin ; his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

3. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitols,
 The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

4. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee ;
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play ;
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

5. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm —
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of eternity — the throne
 Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

6. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers: they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

— LORD BYRON.

IV. THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH

1. My imagination goes down to the chambers of the
 middle sea, to those vast depths where reposes the mystic
 wire on beds of coral, among forests of tangle, or on the
 bottom of the dim blue gulfs strewn with the bones of
 whales and sharks, skeletons of drowned men, and ribs
 and masts of foundered barks, laden with wedges of gold
 never to be coined, and pipes of the choicest vintages of
 earth never to be tasted.

2. Through these watery solitudes, among the fountains
 of the great deep, the abode of perpetual silence, never

visited by living human presence, and beyond the sight of human eye, there are gliding to and fro, by night and by day, in light and in darkness, in calm and in tempest, currents of human thought borne by the electric pulse which obeys the biddings of man. That slender wire thrills with the hopes and fears of nations ; it vibrates to every emotion that can be awakened by any event affecting the welfare of the human race.

3. A volume of contemporary history passes every hour of the day from one continent to the other. An operator on the continent of Europe gently touches the keys of an instrument in his quiet room : a message is shot with the swiftness of light through the abysses of the sea ; and, before his hands are lifted from the machine, the story of revolts and revolutions, of monarchs dethroned and new dynasties set up in their places, of battles and conquests and treaties of peace, of great statesmen fallen in death, lights of the world gone out, and new luminaries glimmering on the horizon, is written down in another quiet room on the other side of the globe.

4. I see in the circumstances which I have enumerated a new proof of the superiority of mind to matter, of the independent existence of that part of our nature which we call the spirit, when it can thus subdue, enslave, and educate the most subtle, the most active, and, in certain of its manifestations, the most intractable and terrible of the elements, making it in our hands the vehicle of thought, and compelling it to speak every language of the civilized world. I infer the capacity of the spirit for a separate state of being, its indestructible essence, and its noble destiny.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

V. PLEASURES OF SCIENCE

1. Is there anything in all the idle books of sensational fiction so worthy to excite our astonishment and interest as many of the commonest marvels of science? Consider some of the truths which optical science discloses! Can anything surprise us more than to find that the color of white is a mixture of all others; that red, and blue, and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no color at all than all colors together?

2. That the diamond should be made of the same material with coal; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air, and that one of these acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe—these, surely, are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind.

3. Akin to this pleasure of contemplating new truths is that of tracing resemblances and relations between things which seem widely different. It is surely a satisfaction, for instance, to know that the same thing which causes the sensation of heat causes also fluidity; that electricity, the light which is seen on the back of a cat when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, is the very same with the lightning of the clouds; that plants breathe, though differently at night from what they do in the sunshine; that the air which burns in our lamps enables a balloon to mount.

4. Nothing can at first sight appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing, the rust of metals and burning, and yet these operations, so unlike to common eyes,

when examined by the light of science are the same. Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam engine and the crawling of a fly upon the window ; yet we find that these two operations are performed by the same means — the weight of the atmosphere — and that a sea-horse climbs the ice hills by no other power.

5. Can anything be more strange to contemplate? Is there, in all the fairy tales that ever were fancied, anything more calculated to arrest the attention and to occupy and to gratify the mind than this most unexpected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders? Then, if we raise our views to the structure of the heavens, to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view, we are again gratified with tracing accurate but most unexpected resemblances.

6. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find that the power which keeps the earth in its shape and in its path, wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion ; that the same power keeps the moon in her path round the earth ; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself ; and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground ?

— LORD BROUGHAM.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

VI. THE LESSON OF THE FERN

1. In a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern leaf green and slender —
 Veining delicate and fibers tender —
Waving, when the wind crept down so low ;
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
 Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.
2. Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,
 Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;
 Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
 But the little fern was not of these,
 Did not number with the hills and trees ;
Only grew and waved its sweet wild way —
No one came to note it day by day.
3. Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
 Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
 Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood ;
 Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
 Covered it, and hid it safe away ;
 Oh, the long, long centuries since that day !
Oh, the agony ! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost !

4. Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
 Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
 Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
 Veinings, leafage, fibers, clear and fine,
 And the fern's life lay in every line!
 So, I think, God hides some souls away,
 Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

— MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

VII. POETRY AND SCIENCE

1. If you will believe some whose zeal is not according to knowledge, science is antagonistic to poetry. The diamond is, for the chemist, no better than lampblack, the sapphire and the ruby only crystallized clay. The Medicean Venus and the Apollo Belvidere, "the statue that enchants the world," "the god of the unerring bow," are interesting to him only as grand stalactites; curious solely because each of them contains twenty-two parts of carbonic acid and twenty-eight of lime.

2. A thunderstorm has for him neither terror, nor beauty, nor sublimity; it is only the union of so much positive and negative electricity. If you go with him to his laboratory, he will show you it all with his glass machine or his voltaic battery. It is true it will be on a somewhat smaller scale. "The fire and cracks of sulphurous roaring" will be rather dim and faint, and the "thunder, that deep and dreadful organ pipe," will be somewhat shrill. But you can set off against this that you may sit comfortably at the fireside and see and hear it all without risk.

3. That sea which in other men's minds gives birth to so many deep and unspeakable emotions; that sea which recalls to others Miriam's rejoicing song when Pharaoh and his host "sank as lead in the mighty waters"; that sea which the ten thousand Greeks welcomed with so glad and exulting a shout, when, footsore and weary, they beheld it again; that sea whereon the fleets of the nation have careered, which carried the ship of Columbus to a new hemisphere and wafted Vasco da Gama round the Cape of Storms — what is this great sea to the chemist? Why, only a great pool or puddle filled with a solution of table salt and Epsom salts!

4. To these declarations that the "looks and thoughts" of the chemist, like those of Milton's Mammon, are "always downward bent, admiring more the riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, than aught divine or holy," what can I answer? I would reply, "I am a chemist. Hath not a chemist eyes? Hath not a chemist hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as the poet is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, will we not revenge?"

5. The revenge we take is, to affirm that between the true poet and the true philosopher there never has been, or can be, cause of feud. It has been the poetaster on the one hand, the dabbler in science on the other, who have involved the lovers of truth and of beauty in a most needless and foolish dispute. All things in nature are, like Janus, two-faced, and have a double aspect for us. In the one, they are plain facts calmly apprehended by the cool intellect; in

the other, they are truths which set heart and brain on fire.

6. A hallelujah chorus, considered in the one aspect, is the result of certain aerial pulses set in motion by the vibration of tubes of wood and of metal; is the sum of certain effects produced by a stream of wind modulated by levers, and wires, and stops, and valves, and keys, and pedals, moved by the fingers and feet of the performer, and accompanied by the voices of singing men and singing women. Considered in the other light, it is a glorious combination of sounds which stir our souls and fill our hearts with awe and wonder.

7. In like manner the sea is, in one sense, only so much water saturated with salts; in another, it is the mirror and image of the Eternal; and we cannot find words adequate even to so much as the naming of the indescribable feelings which it kindles within us. Poetry and science, then, stand in direct contrast, but not in opposition to each other. The aim of science is truth, the desire of poetry is beauty, and in a glorious sense all truth is beautiful, and all beauty is true. It is not necessary to destroy the truth before we can discern the beauty, nor to bid farewell to the beauty before we can discover the truth.

—DR. GEORGE WILSON.

VIII. GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES

1. The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them - - ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems — in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down

And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that, high in heaven,
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
 And inaccessible Majesty. Ah! why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in His ear.

2. Father, Thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns: Thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
 And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
 Communion with his Maker.

3. Here are seen
 No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks

Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
 Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
 The boast of our vain race to change the form
 Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here; Thou fill'st
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
 That run along the summits of these trees
 In music; Thou art in the cooler breath,
 That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
 Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
 The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.

4. Here is continual worship; nature, here,
 In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
 Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does.

5. Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
 Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak —
 By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
 Almost annihilated — not a prince,
 In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,

Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

6. My heart is awed within me, when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me — the perpetual work
 Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
 Forever. Written on Thy works, I read
 The lesson of Thy own eternity.
 Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
 How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
 Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth —
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Molder beneath them.

7. Oh! there is not lost
 One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies,
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch enemy Death; yea, seats himself
 Upon the sepulcher, and blooms and smiles,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

8. There have been holy men, who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks

Around them ; and there have been holy men,
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and, in Thy presence, reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
 The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
 And tremble, and are still.

9. O God ! when Thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
 And drowns the villages ; when, at Thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities ; — who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by !
 Oh ! from these sterner aspects of Thy face
 Spare me and mine ; nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of Thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The work of the Great Spirit of nature is as deep and unapproachable in the lowest as in the noblest objects ; the Divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and moldering stone as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven, and settling the foundation of the earth.

—RUSKIN.

IX. UNWRITTEN MUSIC

1. There is a melancholy music in *autumn*. The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolateness, waving capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher, though the early autumn months are mostly still, they are swept on with a cheerless rustle over the naked harvest fields, and about in the eddies of the blast; and though I have, sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contest, yet, in the chill of evening, or when any sickness of mind or body was on me, the moaning of those withered leaves has pressed down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire and the voices of my merry sisters might scarce remove it.

2. Then for the music of *winter*. I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it, if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

3. And the frost, too, has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground; and you would listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher; and we must be con-

tent to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the "morning stars sang together."

4. You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist; and when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like earring jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks; and, if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well-set gems.

5. The next morning the warm sun comes out; and by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and they will drop at the lightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the round, hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open, it is pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

6. Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current, and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo; and

the woodman's ax rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest.

7. These are at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in God's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.

— N. P. WILLIS.

X. A DAY IN JUNE

1. For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
 No price is set on the lavish summer;
 June may be had by the poorest comer.
 And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays:
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
 The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace.
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives ;
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —
 In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

2. Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back with a rippling cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God wills it ;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
 That the skies are clear and the grass is growing ;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing —
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all, in his lusty crowing!

3. Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue —
 'Tis the natural way of living:
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
 The soul partakes of the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

XI. LANDSCAPE BEAUTY

1. It is easy enough to understand how the sight of a picture or statue should affect us nearly in the same way as the sight of the original: nor is it much more difficult to conceive, how the sight of a cottage should give us something of the same feeling as the sight of a peasant's family; and the aspect of a town raise many of the same ideas as the appearance of a multitude of persons. We may begin, therefore, with an example a little more complicated. Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape — green meadows with grazing and ruminating cattle — canals or

navigable rivers — well-fenced, well-cultivated fields — neat, clean, scattered cottages — humble antique churches, with churchyard elms, and crossing hedgerows — all seen under bright skies, and in good weather.

2. There is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colors and forms; for colors more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board, or a painter's palette, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind: but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections; in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment — and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance — and of the piety by which it is exalted — and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life; in the images of health, and temperance, and plenty which it exhibits to every eye; and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum.

3. At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the true object of our emotions. It is man, and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits; or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that repose in the valley, or even with the living plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment

— of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings — that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

4. Instead of this quiet and tame English landscape, let us now take a Welsh or a Highland scene, and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here, we shall have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses — tufted woods hung over precipices — lakes intersected with castled promontories — ample solitudes of unplowed and untrodden valleys — nameless and gigantic ruins — and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract.

5. This, too, is beautiful, and to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and the suggestion of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colors that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind than the forms and colors of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary inhabitants of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations and the warmth of their social affections.

6. The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, "from towns and toils remote," and rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, and at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals: then there is the sublime impression

of the Mighty Powers which piled the mighty cliffs upon each other, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base, and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility — the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred; and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions, and the peculiarities of the actual life of their descendants — their wild and enthusiastic poetry — their gloomy superstitions — their attachment to their chiefs — the dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings — their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer — and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter.

7. Add to all this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, and on the cliffs, and caves, the gulfy torrents of the land; and the solemn and touching reflection, perpetually recurring, of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambition; while nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign.

— FRANCIS JEFFREY.

Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

— LONGFELLOW.

XII. ELEMENTS OF THE SWISS LANDSCAPE

1. Passing out through a forest of larches, whose dark verdure is peculiarly appropriate to it, and going up toward the baths of Leuk, the interest of the landscape does not at all diminish. What a concentration and congregation of all elements of sublimity and beauty are before you! what surprising contrasts of light and shade, of form and color, of softness and ruggedness! Here are vast heights above you, and vast depths below, villages hanging to the mountain sides, green pasturages and winding paths, lovely meadow slopes enameled with flowers, deep immeasurable ravines, torrents thundering down them; colossal, overhanging, castellated reefs of granite; snowy peaks with the setting sun upon them.

2. You command a view far down over the valley of the Rhone, with its villages and castles, and its mixture of rich farms and vast beds and heaps of mountain fragments, deposited by furious torrents. What affects the mind very powerfully on first entering upon these scenes, is the deep dark blue, so intensely deep and overshadowing, of the gorge at its upper end, and at the magnificent proud sweep of the granite barrier, which there shuts it in, apparently without a passage. The mountains rise like vast supernatural intelligences taking a material shape and drawing around themselves a drapery of awful grandeur; there is a forehead of power and majesty, and the likeness of a kingly crown above it.

3. Amidst all the grandeur of this scenery, I remember to have been in no place more delighted with the profuse richness, delicacy, and beauty of the Alpine flowers. The grass of the meadow slopes, in the gorge of the Dala, had a depth and power of verdure, a clear, delicious greenness, that

in its effect upon the mind was like that of the atmosphere in the brightest autumnal morning of the year ; or rather, perhaps, like the colors of the sky at sunset. There is no such grass color in the world as that of these mountain meadows. It is just the same at the verge of the ice oceans of Mount Blanc. It makes you think of one of the points chosen by the Sacred Poet to illustrate the divine benevolence (and I had almost said, no man can truly understand why it was chosen, who has not traveled in Switzerland), "*Who maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.*"

4. And then the flowers, so modest, so lovely, yet of such deep exquisite hue, enameled in the grass, sparkling amidst it, "a starry multitude," underneath such awful brooding mountain forms and icy precipices — how beautiful ! All that the poets have ever said or sung of daisies, violets, snowdrops, kingcups, primroses, and all modest flowers, is here outdone by the mute poetry of the denizens of these wild pastures. Such a meadow slope as this, watered with pure rills from the glaciers, would have set the mind of Edwards at work in contemplation on the beauty of holiness. He has connected these meek and lowly flowers with an image, which none of the poets of this world have ever thought of.

5. To him the divine beauty of holiness "made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers ; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed ; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle, vivifying beams of the sun. The soul appears like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year ; low and humble on the ground ; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory ; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture ; diffusing around a sweet fragranc y ; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round

about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun."

6. Very likely such a passage as this, coming from the soul of the great theologian (for this is the poetry of the soul, and not of the artificial sentiment, nor of the mere worship of nature), will seem to many persons like violets in the bosom of a glacier. But no poet ever described the meek, modest flowers so beautifully, *rejoicing in a calm rapture*. Jonathan Edwards himself, with his grand views of sacred theology and history, his living piety, and his great experience in the deep things of God, was like a mountain glacier, in one respect, as the "parent of perpetual streams," that are then the deepest, when all the fountains of the world are the driest; like, also, in another respect, that in climbing his theology you get very near to heaven, and are in a very pure and bracing atmosphere; like, again, in this, that it requires much spiritual labor and discipline to surmount his heights, and some care not to fall into the crevasses; and like, once more, in this, that when you get to the top, you have a vast, wide, glorious view of God's great plan, and see things in their chains and connections, which before you only saw separate and piecemeal.

— CHEEVER.

XIII. MOUNTAINS

1. Thanks be to God for mountains! The variety which they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet were no small advantage. The beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters, their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splendid gift. The sublimity which they pour into our

deepest souls from their majestic aspects; the poetry which breathes from their streams and dells and airy heights, from the sweet abodes, the garbs and manners of their inhabitants; the songs and legends which have sprung thence, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds.

2. But what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain? When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature sprang up, were walled out by God's hand, with mountain ramparts, from the eruptions and interruptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies, I am lost in an exulting admiration.

3. Look at the bold banners of Palestine! See how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized north, by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodope! Behold how the Alps describe their magnificent circuit, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonian hordes, till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

4. Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself. The geologist searches in them for traces of the earlier world; and it is there, too, that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights.

5. While a multitude of changes has remodeled the people of Europe — while language and laws and dynasties and creeds have passed over it, like shadows over the landscape — the children of the Celt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and show us, in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were ; show us a fine contrast to the modern tribes dwelling below and around them ; and show us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountains to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of freedom is found forever.

— WILLIAM HOWITT.

XIV. MORNING HYMN TO MOUNT BLANC

1. Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course ? — so long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc !
 The Arvé and Aveyron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form !
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark — substantial black —
 An ebon mass ; methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
2. O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
 I worshiped the Invisible alone.
 Yet like some sweet, beguiling melody,

So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
 Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy —
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing — there
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

3. Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest — not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.
 Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
 Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,
 Thyself, earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald! wake, oh, wake! and utter praise.
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

4. And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 Forever shattered and the same forever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded — and the silence came —
 "Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"

5. Ye ice falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! —
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
 "God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer; and let the ice plains echo, "God!"

6. "God!" sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice,
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!"
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
 Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise.

7. Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peak,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast —
 Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
 That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
 To rise before me — rise, oh, ever rise,

Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth !
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God !

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

XV. THE NATURAL BRIDGE

1. The Natural Bridge of Virginia has been, from about the middle of the eighteenth century, an object of curiosity and admiration. Travelers who visited America to compare its natural grandeur with the splendid objects of art and architecture to be seen in the Old World, always went first, in the north, to the Falls of Niagara, and in the south to the world-renowned Natural Bridge.

2. The most striking view of the Natural Bridge is that from below. As the sun rises and flashes its splendors through the gigantic arch, the scene becomes one of extraordinary beauty and sublimity — beauty from the exquisite flush which spreads itself over rocky mass and stately fir, over pendent shrub, and the fringe of evergreen ; and sublimity, from the overpowering sentiment which impresses the mind in the presence of the mighty arch of rock, towering far above, and thrown, as by the hand of some Titan of old, across the blue sky.

3. Then there is the arch, distinct from everything, and above everything ! Massive as it is, it is light and beautiful by its height, and the trees on its summit seem now only like a garland of evergreens ; and elevated as it is, its apparent elevation is wonderfully increased by the narrowness of its piers, and by its outline being drawn on



THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA

the blue sky. Oh, it is sublime! So strong and yet so elegant! Springing from earth and bathing itself in heaven! I sat and gazed in admiration and wonder. I had quickly, too quickly, to leave the spot forever; but the music of those waters, the luxury of those shades, the form and color of those rocks, and that arch rising over all, will never be effaced from my memory.

4. From the summit of the Bridge to the surface of the stream below is two hundred and fifteen feet; more than fifty feet higher than the cataract of Niagara. Notwithstanding this tremendous elevation, several persons, at various times, have made the hazardous attempt to climb the rocky sides of the great arch and reach the summit.

5. This has never yet been accomplished; but a considerable distance has been attained by venturesome climbers, who have recorded their prowess by cutting their names on the surface at the highest point reached by them. High up among these may be found the name of George Washington, who, strong, adventurous, and fond of manly sports, was seized, like many others before and after him, with the ambition to ascend the precipice and inscribe his name upon the face of the rock.

6. The highest point ever reached by any one of these adventurous explorers is said to have been attained by Mr. James Piper, at that time a student of Washington College, and subsequently a state senator. It was about the year 1818, when, with some of his fellow-students, Mr. Piper visited the Bridge, descended to the foot of the precipice, and determined to ascertain to what height it was possible for a human being to ascend the rocky wall.

7. He accordingly commenced climbing the precipice, and taking advantage of every ledge, cleft, and protu-

berance, finally reached a point which, to his companions far beneath, seemed directly under the great arch. He was far above the names cut in the stone — fully fifty feet above that of Washington; and, standing upon a ledge which appeared to his terrified fellow-students but a few inches in width, he shouted aloud, waving one hand in triumph, while with the other he clung to the face of the precipice. They shouted back to him, begging him to descend, but he only replied by laughter. They then saw him continue the ascent, clinging to every object within his reach.

8. His ambition was not yet satisfied. He had ascended the rock, not to inscribe his name upon it, but with the daring design of immortalizing himself by mounting from the bottom to the top of the Natural Bridge. He accordingly continued his way, working his toilsome and dangerous passage through clefts in the huge mass of rock. These were just sufficient, in many places, to permit his body to pass; while huge roots from the trees, protruding through splits in the mass, curled to and fro, and half obstructed his passage.

9. With unfaltering resolution, and not daring to look into the hideous gulf beneath him, the young man fought his way on, piercing by main force the dark clefts, crawling along narrow ledges, springing from abutment to abutment, until finally he stopped at an elevation of *one hundred and seventy feet* from the earth below. Here he was seen to look upward, but he did not move. His heart had failed him. Instead of designing any further ascent, his only ambition now was plainly to descend in safety, if possible, from his frightful perch. To look beneath would have been certain death. His head would have turned at the first glance, and, losing his footing on the narrow ledge, which he just clung to, his body would have been dashed

to pieces on the rocks below. Within his grasp almost, as it seemed, was the coveted summit, but he could not reach it; the smooth face of the rock defied all his efforts.

10. Under these circumstances, the young gentleman acted with a nerve and presence of mind highly honorable to the force of his character. He slowly and cautiously divested himself first of one of his shoes and then the other, next drew off his coat, and these articles he threw from him into the gulf beneath, without daring to look in the direction in which they fell. Then, clinging close to the face of the precipice, and balancing his body carefully as he placed each foot down and raised each one up, he tottered along inch by inch, hanging between life and death, until he reached a friendly cleft. Here pausing for a moment to brace his nerves, he continued his way in the same cautious manner, followed by the eyes of his pale and terrified friends; when, disappearing in a cleft, he was lost to view.

11. A cry arose from his companions beneath, "He is lost! He is lost!" It seemed to them that he had fallen into one of the huge fissures, and been dashed to pieces. His friends had given him up, and agony had succeeded the long suspense, when suddenly, from behind a clump of evergreens, extending like a screen across the narrow opening between two towering rocks, appeared the young student, safe, sound, and smiling at his perilous feat, during the performance of which he had stood face to face with the most terrible of deaths.

— *Selected.*

November woods are bare and still;
 November days are clear and bright;
 Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
 The morning's snow is gone by night.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

XVI. BEAUTY OF THE CLOUDS

1. It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is that part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

2. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain that it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this done for him constantly.

3. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should always live in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor too good for human nature's daily food"; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and

exalting of the heart; for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust.

4. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

5. And yet, we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

6. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

7. All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is

not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed.

8. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once — it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

— JOHN RUSKIN.

XVII. HYMN TO THE SEASONS

1. These, as they change, Almighty Father ! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness, and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.*
2. Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.

Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that live.
 In winter awful Thou, with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
 Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou biddst the world adore,
 And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

3. Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming a harmonious whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
4. But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee ; marks not the mighty Hand,
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent sphere ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.
5. Nature, attend ! join, every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes :
 Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms !
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

6. His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
7. Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
8. Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.
9. The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.

Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

10. Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.
 Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove,
 There let the shepherd's flute, the maiden's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
11. For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !
 Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song — where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles — 'tis naught to me ;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.

12. When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

—JAMES THOMSON.

XVIII. JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT

1. The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron, and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah.

2. It is a city of hills far more famous than those of Rome ; for all Europe has heard of Zion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern hills.

3. The broad steep of Zion, crowned with the tower of David ; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas, by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one ; close to its

cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the Street of Grief because there the most illustrious of the human as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor.

4. Passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchizedek, king and prophet, built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judæa has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshiped before every altar in Rome.

5. Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape, magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivaled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the center of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

6. The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the

sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm tree trembles, as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city?

7. There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the law giver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modeled civilized Europe — the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers — what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these?

8. The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of Sacred Sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no

longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulcher is a beacon light.

— BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

XIX. A MORNING HYMN

1. These are Thy glorious works, parent of good,
 Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wond'rous fair ; Thyself how wond'rous then !
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these Thy lower works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels, for ye behold Him ; and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle His throne, rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

2. Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound His praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st ;
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move

In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

3. Air, and ye elements, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
4. Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds
That singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise;
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, Universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Has gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

— JOHN MILTON.

XX. THE PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY

1. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple, and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

2. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. No man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition of life from which it should be excluded.

— WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

— SHAKESPEARE.

XXI. RETIREMENT

1. A branch cut off from the adjacent branch must of necessity be cut off from the whole tree also. So too a man when he is separated from another man has fallen off from the whole social community. Now as to a branch, another cuts it off; but a man by his own act separates himself from his neighbor when he hates him and turns away from him, and he does not know that he has at the same time cut himself off from the whole social system.

2. Yet he has this privilege certainly from Zeus, who framed society, for it is in our power to grow again to that which is near to us, and again to become a part which helps to make up the whole.

3. However, if it often happens, this kind of separation, it makes it difficult for that which detaches itself to be brought to unity and to be restored to its former condition. Finally, the branch, which from the first grew together with the tree, and has continued to have one life with it, is not like that which after being cut off is then ingrafted, for this is something like what the gardeners mean when they say that it grows with the rest of the tree, but that it has not the same mind with it.

4. As those who try to stand in thy way when thou art proceeding according to right reason will not be able to turn thee aside from thy proper action, so neither let them drive thee from thy benevolent feelings towards them, but be on thy guard equally in both matters, not only in the matter of steady judgment and action, but also in the matter of gentleness to those who try to hinder or otherwise trouble thee. For this also is a weakness, to be vexed at them, as well as to be diverted from thy course of action and to give way through fear.

5. That which rules within, when it is according to nature, is so affected with respect to the events which happen, that it always easily adapts itself to that which is possible and is presented to it. For it requires no definite material, but it moves towards its purpose, under certain conditions, however; and it makes a material for itself out of that which opposes it, as fire lays hold of what falls into it, by which a small light would have been extinguished: but when the fire is strong, it soon appropriates to itself the matter which is heaped on it, and consumes it, and rises higher by means of this very material.

6. Let no act be done without a purpose, nor otherwise than according to the perfect principles of art.

7. Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, seashores, and mountains; and thou too art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly then give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest.

8. For with what art thou discontented? With the badness of men? Recall to thy mind this conclusion, that rational animals exist for one another, and that to endure is a part of justice, and that men do wrong involuntarily;

and consider how many already, after mutual enmity, suspicion, hatred, and fighting, have been stretched dead, reduced to ashes; and be quiet at last.

9. But perhaps thou art dissatisfied with that which is assigned to thee out of the universe. Recall to thy recollection this alternative; either there is providence or atoms (fortuitous concurrence of things); or remember the arguments by which it has been proved that the world is a kind of political community (and be quiet at last).

10. But perhaps corporeal things will still fasten upon thee. Consider then further that the mind mingles not with the breath, whether moving gently or violently, when it has once drawn itself apart and discovered its own power, and think also of all that thou hast heard and assented to about pain and pleasure (and be quiet at last).

11. But perhaps the desire of the thing called fame will torment thee. See how soon everything is forgotten, and look at the chaos of infinite time on each side of the (present,) and the emptiness of applause, and the changeableness and want of judgment in those who pretend to give praise, and the narrowness of the space within which it is circumscribed (and be quiet at last.) For the whole earth is a point, and how small a nook in it is this thy dwelling, and how few are there in it, and what kind of people are they who will praise thee.

12. This then remains: Remember to retire into this little territory of thy own, and above all do not distract or strain thyself, but be free, and look at things as a man, as a human being, as a citizen, as a mortal. But among the things readiest to thy hand to which thou shalt turn, let there be these, which are two. One is that things do not touch the soul, for they are external and remain immovable; but our perturbations come only from the opinion which

is within. The other is that all these things which thou seest, change immediately and will no longer be ; and constantly bear in mind how many of these changes thou hast already witnessed. The universe is transformation : life is opinion.

— MARCUS AURELIUS.

XXII. DELIGHTS OF READING

1. Books are to mankind what memory is to the individual. They contain the history of our race, the discoveries we have made, the accumulated knowledge and experience of ages ; they picture for us the marvels and beauties of nature ; help us in our difficulties, comfort us in sorrow and in suffering, change hours of weariness into moments of delight, store our minds with ideas, fill them with good and happy thoughts, and lift us out of and above ourselves.

2. There is an Oriental story of two men : one was a king, who every night dreamt he was a beggar ; the other was a beggar, who every night dreamt he was a prince and lived in a palace. I am not sure that the king had very much the best of it. Imagination is sometimes more vivid than reality. But, however this may be, when we read we may not only (if we wish it) be kings and live in palaces, but, what is far better, we may transport ourselves to the mountains or the seashore, and visit the most beautiful parts of the earth, without fatigue, inconvenience, or expense.

3. Many of those who have had, as we say, all that this world can give, have yet told us they owed much of their purest happiness to books. Ascham, in "The Schoolmaster," tells a touching story of his last visit to Lady

Jane Grey. He found her sitting in an oriel window reading Plato's beautiful account of the death of Socrates. Her father and mother were hunting in the park, the hounds were in full cry and their voices came in through the open window. He expressed his surprise that she had not joined them, but, said she, "I wist that all their pleasure in the park is but a shadow to the pleasure I find in Plato."

4. Macaulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet he tells us in his biography that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In a charming letter to a little girl he says: "Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays, and sights in the world. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

5. Books, indeed, endow us with a whole enchanted palace of thoughts. There is a wider prospect, says Jean Paul Richter, from Parnassus than from the throne. In one way they give us an even more vivid idea than the actual reality, just as reflections are often more beautiful than real nature. "All mirrors," says George Macdonald, "are magic mirrors. The commonest room is a room in a poem when I look in the glass."

6. English literature is the birthright and inheritance of the English race. We have produced and are producing

some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No race can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature — richer than our commerce, more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride and glory of our country, and for it we cannot be too thankful.

7. Precious and priceless are the blessings which the books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the noblest spirits, through the most sublime and enchanting regions, — regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

“add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.”

Without stirring from our firesides we may roam to the most remote regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spenser's shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of paradise. Science, art, literature, philosophy — all that man has thought, all that man has done — the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations — all are garnered up for us in the world of books.

— SIR JOHN LUBBOCK in *The Use of Life*.

XXIII. SCENE WITH A PANTHER

I. As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection. While thus occupied, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew

with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle.

2. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibers by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another, would be experienced by myself.

3. I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibers which were already stretched almost to breaking. To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end, it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak.

4. Just as I had disposed of this incumbrance, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly present itself. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human

voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untamable of that detested race.

5. The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely, that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod, without caution, the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defense.

6. The infrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the incumbrance of provision, made me neglect, on this occasion, to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed.

7. My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eying the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum.

8. Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now, with no less solicitude, desired. Every new gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steep, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibers of the prostrate tree were ob-

stinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

9. Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

10. The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrific visage. I shrank still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

11. From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which might easily have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew

with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

12. My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hairbreadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens, the sight of which made my blood run cold.

13. He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed, at first, as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of the animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

14. Still, there was hope that he would relinquish his design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprang, and his fore legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

—CHARLES B. BROWN.

XXIV. LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

1. God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

— COWPER.

XXV. WISE READING

1. The genius of Shakespeare has shed a glory around the name of Brutus, which the iron pen of history cannot do away. The historian and the poet are certainly greatly at variance in regard to him : the latter has made him so amiable and exalted a character, that we feel unwilling to know the truth about him. I am not now to act as umpire between them ; but there is one spot where we see him in the same light, both in history and in poetry. It is this. The night before the celebrated battle of Pharsalia, which was to decide the fate of the known world, Brutus was in his tent *reading*, and making notes from his author with the pen !

2. The elder Pliny seldom sat down to eat a meal, without having some one read to him ; and he never traveled without having one or more books with him, and conveniences for making extracts or memoranda.

3. All distinguished men have been given to the habit of constant reading ; and it is utterly impossible to arrive at any tolerable degree of distinction without this habit. " Reading," says Bacon, " makes a *full* man ; conversation a *ready* man ; writing an *exact* man." That which he means by " full " can never be attained, except by an extensive and thorough acquaintance with books. No genius, no power of inventing and creating thoughts, can ever supply a deficiency in this respect. The mightiest mind that was ever created, could, perhaps, here and there, strike out a road ; but who would wish it to spend itself in beating about to discover a path, and even to make it, when the united minds of the generations who have gone before us have done this for him ?

4. In order to have a judgment sound and correct, you

must travel through the history of other times, and be able to compare the present with the past. To have the mind vigorous, you must refresh it, and strengthen it, by a continued contact with the mighty dead who have gone away, but left their imperishable thoughts behind them. We want to have the mind continually expanding, and creating new thoughts, or at least feeding itself upon manly thoughts. The food is to the blood, which circulates through your veins, what reading is to the mind; and the mind that does not love to read, may despair of ever doing much in the world of mind which it would affect. You can no more be the "full man" whom Bacon describes, without reading, than you can be vigorous and healthy without any new nourishment. It would be no more reasonable to suppose it, in the expressive and beautiful language of Porter, "than to suppose that the Mississippi might roll on its flood of waters to the ocean, though all its tributary streams were cut off, and it were replenished only by the occasional drops from the clouds."

5. The object of reading may be divided into several branches. The student reads for relaxation from more severe studies; he is thus refreshed, and his spirits are revived. He reads for facts in the history and experience of his species, as they lived and acted under different circumstances. From these facts he draws conclusions; his views are enlarged, his judgment corrected, and the experience of former ages, and of all times, becomes his own. He reads chiefly, probably, for information; to store up knowledge for future use: and he wishes to classify and arrange it, that it may be ready at his call. He reads for the sake of style—to learn how a strong, nervous, or beautiful writer expresses himself. The spirit of a writer to whom the world has bowed in homage, and the dress in



THE BLIND POET MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTER

which the spirit stands arrayed, is the object at which he must anxiously look.

6. It is obvious, then, that, in attaining any of these ends, except, perhaps, that of amusement, reading should be performed very slowly and deliberately. You will usually, and, indeed, almost invariably, find that those who read a great multitude of books have but little knowledge that is of any value. A large library has justly been denominated a learned luxury—not elegance—much less utility. A celebrated French author was laughed at on account of the poverty of his library. “Ah,” replied he, “when I want a book, I make it!” Rapid readers generally are very desultory; and a man may read much, and know but very little. “The *helluo librorum* and the true scholar are two very different characters.” One who has a deep insight into the nature of man says that he never felt afraid to meet a man who has a large library. It is the man who has but few books, and who thinks much, whose mind is the best furnished for intellectual operations. It will not be pretended, however, that there are not many exceptions to this remark. But, with a student, in the morning of life, there are no exceptions. If he would improve by his reading, it must be very deliberate. Can a stomach receive any amount or kind of food, hastily thrown into it, and reduce it, and from it extract nourishment for the body? Not for any length of time. Neither can the mind any easier digest that which is rapidly brought before it.

7. It is by no means certain that the ancients had not a great compensation for the fewness of their books, in the thoroughness with which they were compelled to study them. A book must all be copied with the pen, to be owned; and he who transcribed a book for the sake of owning it, would be likely to understand it. Before the art of

printing, books were so scarce that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome, to beg a copy of Cicero's "De Oratore," and Quintilian's "Institutes," etc., because a complete copy of these works was not to be found in all France. Albert, abbot of Gemblours, with incredible labor and expense, collected a library of one hundred and fifty volumes, including everything; and this was considered a wonder indeed. In 1494, the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained parts of seventeen books on various subjects; and, on his borrowing a Bible from the convent of St. Swithin, he had to give a heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, that he would return it uninjured. If any one gave a book to a convent or a monastery, it conferred countless benedictions upon him, and he offered it upon the altar of God. The convent of Rochester every year pronounced an irrevocable sentence of damnation on him who should dare steal or conceal a Latin translation of Aristotle, or even obliterate a title. When a book was purchased, it was an affair of such consequence that persons of distinction were called together as witnesses. Previous to the year 1300, the library of Oxford, England, consisted only of a few tracts, which were carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should escape; and at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the royal library of France contained only four classics, with a few devotional works. So great was the privilege of owning a book, that one of their books on natural history contained a picture, representing the Deity as resting on the Sabbath, with a book in his hand, in the act of reading! It was probably no better in earlier times. Knowledge was scattered to the four winds, and truth was hidden in a well. Lycurgus and Pythagoras were obliged to travel into Egypt, Persia, and India, in order to understand the doc-

trine of the metempsychosis. Solon and Plato had to go to Egypt for much of what they knew. Herodotus and Strabo were obliged to travel to collect their history, and to construct their geography as they traveled. Few men pretended to own a library, and he was accounted truly favored who owned half a dozen volumes. And yet, with all this scarcity of books, there were in those days scholars who greatly surpassed us. We cannot write poetry like Homer, or history like Thucydides. We have not the pen which Aristotle and Plato held, nor the eloquence with which Demosthenes thrilled. They surpassed us in painting and in sculpture. Their books were but few. But those were read, as Juvenal says, ten times, "*decies repetita placebunt.*" Their own resources were tasked to the utmost, and he who could not draw from his own fountain, in vain sought for neighbors, from whose wells he could borrow.

8. How very different with us! We read without measure, and almost without profit. If, at the close of any given year, you will examine the register of the librarian of any of the literary societies in college, you will find, almost without exception, that those who have taken out most books have accomplished least in preparing the mind for future usefulness.

— JOHN TODD.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing :
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

— SHAKESPEARE.

XXVI. WORDS

1. Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius. Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generation that follows, and, laden with this their precious freight, they sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered wreck. Great, then, will be our gain, if, having these treasures within our reach, we make what portion of them we can our own, and ask the words we use to give an account of themselves, to say whence they are and whither they tend.

2. Then shall we often rub off the dust and rust from what seemed but a common token, which we had taken and given a thousand times, but which now we shall perceive to be a precious coin bearing the image and superscription of the great king. Then shall we discover that there is a reality about words, that they are not merely arbitrary signs, but living powers; not, like the sands of the sea, disconnected atoms, but growing out of roots, clustering in families, connecting and intertwining themselves with all that men have been doing and thinking and feeling from the beginning of the world till now. We should thus estimate more truly what the past has done for us, all that it has bequeathed to us, all that it has made ready to our hands.

3. It was something for the children of Israel, when they came into Canaan, to enter upon wells they had digged not, and vineyards they had not planted, and houses they had not built, but how much greater a boon for any one generation to enter upon the inheritance of a language which other generations have made already a

receptacle of choicest treasures, a storehouse of unconscious wisdom, a fit organ for expressing the subtlest distinctions, the tenderest sentiments, the largest thoughts, and the loftiest imaginations!

4. Many a single word is a concentrated poem. How deep an insight into the failings of the human heart lies at the root of many words, and what warnings many contain against subtle temptations and sins! Thus, all of us have probably, more or less, felt the temptation of seeking to please others by an unmanly assenting to their view of some matter. The existence of such a temptation, and the fact that too many yield to it, are both declared in a Latin word for a flatterer—"assentator"—that is, "an assenter," one who has not courage to say No when a Yes is expected from him.

5. What a mournful witness for the hard and unrighteous judgment we habitually form of one another lies in the word "prejudice"! The word of itself means plainly no more than a judgment formed beforehand, yet so frequently do we form harsh judgments of others, before knowledge and experience, that a "prejudice," or judgment before knowledge, is almost always taken to signify an unfavorable anticipation about one, and "prejudicial" has actually acquired a secondary meaning of something mischievous or injurious.

6. There is much, too, that we may learn from looking a little closely at the word "passion." We are apt to think of the "passionate" man as a man of energy. But this word "passion," as a very solemn use of it declares, means properly "suffering," and a passionate man is not a man doing something, but one suffering something to be done to him. When, then, a man or child is "in a passion," this is no coming out in him of a strong will, of a real

energy, but rather the proof that, for the time at least, he has no will, no energy—he is suffering, not doing—suffering his anger, or what other evil temper it may be, to lord it over him without control. Let no one, then, think of passion as a sign of strength.

7. There are vast harvests of historic lore garnered often in single words. At the southern point of Spain is a promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination, “Tarifa.” It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant ships going into or coming out of the Mediterranean Sea, and issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the straits, and this was called, from the place where it was levied, “tarifa,” or “tariff,” and in this way we have acquired the word.

8. Whenever we speak of arithmetic as the science of “calculation,” we in fact allude to that rudimental period of the science of numbers when pebbles (calculi) were used, as now among savages they often are, to facilitate the practice of counting. In “library” we preserve a record of the fact that books were once written on the bark (liber) of trees. The “smith” has his name from the sturdy blows that he “smites” upon the anvil; “wrong” is the perfect participle of “to wring,” that which one has wrung or wrested from the right.

9. The “brunt” of the battle is the “heat” of the battle, where it “burns” the most fiercely. “Haft,” as of a knife, is properly only the perfect participle of “to have,” that whereby you “have” or hold it. Or take two or three adjective nouns: “strong” is the past participle of “to string”; “strong” man means no more than one whose sinews are firmly “strung.” The “left” hand as

distinguished from the right is the hand that is *left* unused so often. "Wild" is the past participle of "to will"; a "wild" horse is a "willed" or self-willed horse — one that has never been tamed, or taught to submit its will to the will of another; and so with a man.

10. Let us remember, in our use of words, that there may be two sides to the same shield, and that quarrels have often arisen from misconstructions which a little knowledge would have prevented; for sometimes usage gives to a word a meaning that its derivation will hardly warrant; and for this reason we should carefully examine into the genealogy of the words we employ.

11. Do not suffer words to pass you by which at once provoke and promise to reward inquiry. What a lesson the word "diligence" contains! How profitable is it for every one of us to be reminded — as we are reminded when we make ourselves aware of its derivation from "diligō," to love — that the only secret of true industry in our work is love of that work! These illustrations are enough to show the existence of a moral element in words. May there not be a deeper meaning than hitherto we have attached to it, lying in that solemn declaration, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned"? — *Selected.*

That part of our speech which comes from our sires, far back in the days of yore, is made up, in large part, of those short words which we can speak with one pulse of the breath and one stroke of the tongue. The stream of time, through a long tract of years, and from lands not our own, has brought down to us a vast drift of new and strange terms, poor as they are long, and by which we lose in strength more than we gain in sound. — MCPHAIL.

XXVII. SHAKESPEARE'S POWER OF EXPRESSION

1. Other men have led, on the whole, greater and more impressive lives than he; other men, acting on their fellows through the same medium of speech that he used, may have expended a greater power of thought and achieved a greater intellectual effect in one consistent direction; but no man ever said such splendid extempore things on all subjects universally; no man ever had the faculty of pouring out on all occasions such a flood of the richest and deepest language.

2. He may have had rivals in the art of imagining situations; he had no rival in the power of sending a gush of the appropriate intellectual effusion over the image and body of a situation once conceived. From the jeweled ring on an alderman's finger to the most mountainous thought or deed of man or demon, nothing suggested itself that his speech could not envelop and infold with ease. That excessive fluency which astonished Ben Jonson when he listened to Shakespeare in person astonishes the world yet.

3. Abundance, ease, redundance, a plenitude of word, sound, and imagery, which, were the intellect at work only a little less magnificent, would sometimes end in sheer braggardism and bombast, are the characteristics of Shakespeare's style. Nothing is suppressed, nothing omitted, nothing canceled. On and on the poet flows—words, thoughts, and fancies crowding on him as fast as he can write, all related to the matter on hand, and all poured forth together, to rise and fall on the waves of an established cadence.

4. Such lightness and ease in the manner, and such pro-

digious wealth and depth in the matter, are combined in no other writer. How the matter was first accumulated, what proportion of it was the acquired capital of former efforts, and what proportion of it welled up in the poet's mind during and in virtue of the very act of speech, it is impossible to say; but this, at least, may be affirmed without fear of contradiction — that there never was a mind in the world, from which, when it was roused by any occasion whatever, there poured forth on the instant such a stream of precious substance intellectually related to it. By his powers of expression, in fact, Shakespeare has beggared all his posterity, and left mere practitioners of expression nothing possible to do.

5. There is, perhaps, not a thought, or feeling, or situation, really common and generic to human life, on which he has not exercised his prerogative; and wherever he has once been, woe to the man that comes after him! He has overgrown the whole system and face of things, like a universal ivy which has left no wall uncovered, no pinnacle unclimbed, no chink unpenetrated. Since he lived, the concrete world has worn a richer surface. He found it great and beautiful, with stripes here and there of the rough old coat seen through the leafy labors of his predecessors: he left it clothed throughout with the wealth and autumnal luxuriance of his own unparalleled language.

— *Selected.*

Brutus : —

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their lives
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat.

— SHAKESPEARE.

XXVIII. THE BIBLE, THE BEST OF CLASSICS

1. There is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration, unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of "God, manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever."

2. If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time, that can be compared with it.

3. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom.

4. If we inquire who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer : the patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr.

5. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the

powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity, are its blessings upon earth.

6. Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired ; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

— GRIMKÉ.

XXIX. SOCIETY THE GREAT EDUCATOR

1. Society is the great educator. More than universities, more than schools, more than books, society educates. Nature is the schoolhouse, and many lessons are written upon its walls ; but man is the effective teacher. Parents, relatives, friends, associates ; social manners, maxims, morals, worships, the daily example, the fireside conversation, the casual interview, the spirit that breathes through the whole atmosphere of life—these are the powers and influences that train the mass of mankind. Even books, which are daily assuming a larger place in human training, are but the influence of man on man.

2. It is evident that one of the leading and ordained means by which men are raised in the scale of knowledge and virtue, is the conversation, example, influence of men superior to themselves. It seems, if one may say so, to be the purpose, the intent, the effort of nature—of Providence, to bring men together, and to bring them together, for the most part, in relations of discipleship and teaching.

3. The social nature, first, draws them to intercourse. Perpetual solitariness is intolerable. But then, much of their intercourse is on terms of inequality. Equals in age, people in society, seldom meet but one is able to

teach or tell something, and the other is desirous to learn it. The lower are strongly drawn to the higher. Children are not content to be always by themselves; curiosity, reverence, filial affection draw them to their superiors. In the whole business of life — tillage, mechanism, manufacture, merchandise — a younger generation is connected with an elder, to be taught by it.

4. Barbarous tribes go on forever in their barbarism, till they are brought into the presence of superior culture. The Chinese exclusion has kept that people stationary, though civilization has been knocking at their gates for more than three centuries. And it is better — I speak of mere results, not principles — that the way for light should be opened into that country by English cannon balls, or the rending asunder of the empire, than never to be opened.

5. But such a fixed barrier to civilization is a solitary phenomenon in history. Nations, the barbarous and civilized, by some means or other, in the everlasting ferment of human interests and passions, are thrown into communication and interfusion — if by no better means, by war, by subjugation, by capture: for Providence, if one may say so, will have them come together. Human injustice and cruelty are not to be abetted in this matter. There are better ways, which Christian civilization ought to learn — travel, trade, missions of light and mercy; but, some way, the nations must mingle together, or the ignorant will never be enlightened, the savage never civilized.

6. Where are the ruder peasantry of Europe now resorting for work and for subsistence? To the heart of England and America. Many an enlightened man, building a railroad, or improving his estate, many a refined woman in her household, is made their teacher — little suspecting the office, perhaps. It were fortunate, I think, for both

parties, if they did ; it might make the relation more kindly and holy ; but anyway, the work will be done. How fine and delicate and penetrating is this power of man to influence his kind ! A word, a tone, a look — nothing goes to the depths of the soul like that. The dexterous hands, and the embracing arms, the commanding eye and the persuasive lips and the stately presence are fitted for nothing more remarkably than to teach.

7. Traveling on a railroad, one day, I saw a little child in the company of some half a dozen affectionate relatives. From hand to hand it passed—to be amused, to be soothed, to be taught something from moment to moment—to receive many lessons and more caresses, all the day long. “Here,” I thought with myself, “is a company of unpaid, loving, willing, unwearied teachers. Such governesses could scarce be hired on any terms.” Well, it was not a nobleman’s child ; it was not a rich man’s child, that I know : the same thing, substantially, is passing in every house where childhood lives, every day.

8. How sharp, too, and jealous, is the guardianship of society over the virtue of its members ! How preventive and corrective are its sorrow and indignation at their failures ! A parent’s grief is such a warning and retribution as prisons and dungeons could not bring upon his erring child. And then it is to be observed that the grosser and more ruinous vices are such as soon betray themselves, and cannot be long concealed. The police of society is very likely to find them out.

9. And selfishness, covetousness, vanity, do not escape. The repulsive atmosphere of common feeling about the selfish man, the cold shadow in which the miser walks, the stinging criticisms upon the vain man, proclaim that society is not an idle censor. What does public opinion brand,

what does literature satirize, all over the world, but the faults and foibles of men?

10. Society has thrones for the good and noble, and purple and gold are but rags and dust in the comparison. Society has prisons and penitentiaries for the base and bad, and stone walls and silent cells are not so cold and death-like.

—ORVILLE DEWEY.

XXX. CHRISTMAS FESTIVITY

1. There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep, delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation.

2. But in the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of every charm and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short, gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle.

3. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the

charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of lovingkindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms, and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

4. The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate, on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile, where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent than by the winter fireside? And as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

5. The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated.

6. It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm, generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their

ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly; the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passengers to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot, huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

7. Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. The idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

XXXI. HOME

1. A few days later I visited a country home—a modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest; barns and cribs well filled and the old smoke-house odorous with treasure; the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard, and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking; inside the house, thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure the newborn babes



WASHINGTON IRVING

and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family and the heart and conscience of the home.

2. Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house, the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father.

3. As they drew near the door, the old mother appeared, the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or, weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest.

4. And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies; the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry; the restless bird called from the neighboring wood; and the father, a simple man of God,

gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home !

5. And as I gazed, the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, " Surely here — here in the homes of the people — is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength ; here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility." The homes of the people — let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn — here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do.

6. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law ; that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all, let us honor God in our homes — anchor them close in His love ; build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers, and crown them with the Bible — that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain.

7. Let us remember that the home is the source of our

national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

— HENRY W. GRADY.

XXXII. A WINTER EVENING'S REFLECTIONS

1. Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost line back with tropic heat ;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
2. The house dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head ;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow ;
The apples sputtered in a row ;
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.
3. What matter how the night behaved ?
What matter how the north wind raved ?

Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.
 O Time and Change ! with hair as gray
 As was my sire's that winter day,
 How strange it seems, with so much gone
 Of life and love, to still live on !

4. Ah, brother ! only I and thou
 Are left of all that circle now —
 The dear home faces whereupon
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.
 Henceforward, listen as we will,
 The voices of that hearth are still ;
 Look where we may the wide earth o'er,
 Those lighted faces smile no more.

5. We tread the paths their feet have worn ;
 We sit beneath their orchard trees ;
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees,
 And rustle of the bladed corn ;
 We turn the pages which they read ;
 Their written words we linger o'er :
 But in the sun they cast no shade,
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor !

6. Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
 (Since He who knows our need is just),
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
 Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress trees ;
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play ;

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own !
 — JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

XXXIII. VOICES OF THE DEAD

1. We die, but leave an influence behind us that survives. The echoes of our words are evermore repeated, and reflected along the ages. It is what man was that lives and acts after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges ; and what he did is repeated after him in ever multiplying and never ceasing reverberations. Every man has left behind him influences for good or for evil, that will never exhaust themselves.

2. The sphere in which he acts may be small, or it may be great. It may be his fireside, or it may be a kingdom ; a village or a great nation ; a parish or broad Europe ; but act he does, ceaselessly and forever. His friends, his family, his successors in office, his relatives, are all receptive of an influence which he has transmitted and bequeathed to mankind — either a blessing which will repeat itself in showers of benedictions, or a curse which will multiply itself in ever accumulating evil.

3. Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends and designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the land ; but a blank he cannot be. The seed sown in life springs up in harvests of blessings, or harvests of sorrow.

Whether our influence be great or small, whether it be good or evil, it lasts, it lives somewhere, within some limit, and is operative wherever it is. The grave buries the dead dust, but the character walks the world, and distributes itself among the families of mankind.

4. The sun sets beyond the western hills, but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and fell. The coral insect dies, but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of great continents, or has formed an isle in the bosom of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live and we die; but the good or evil that we do lives after us, and is not "buried with our bones."

5. The friend with whom we took sweet counsel is removed visibly from the outward eye; but the lessons that he taught, the grand sentiments that he uttered, the holy deeds of generosity by which he was characterized, the moral lineaments and likeness of the man, still survive, and appear in the silence of eventide, and on the tablets of memory, and in the light of morn and noon and dewy eve; and, being dead, he yet speaks eloquently, and in the midst of us.

6. Mahomet still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Shakespeare, Byron, and Milton, all live in their influence for good or evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck — all of these may have passed away to their graves; but they still live in the deeds which they performed, in the lives they

live, and in the powerful lessons that they left behind them.

7. "None of us liveth to himself," for others are affected by that life; "or dieth to himself," for others are interested in that death. Our queen's crown may molder, but she who wore it will act upon the ages which are yet to come. The noble's coronet may be reft in pieces, but the wearer of it is now doing what will be reflected by thousands who will be made and molded by him. Dignity and rank and riches are all corruptible and worthless; but moral character has an immortality that no sword point can destroy, that ever walks the world and leaves lasting influences behind.

8. What we do is transacted on a stage of which all in the universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes that will never cease. What we are is acting on and influencing the rest of mankind. Neutral we cannot be. Living we act, and dead we speak; and the whole universe is the mighty company forever looking, forever listening, and all nature the tablets forever recording the words, the deeds, the thoughts, the passions of mankind! Whether these influences are beneficent or the reverse, they are influences fraught with power. How blest must be the recollection of those who, like the setting sun, have left a trail of light behind them by which others may see the way to that rest which remaineth for the people of God!

9. It is only the pure fountain that brings forth pure water. The good tree only will produce the good fruit. If the center from which all proceeds is pure and holy, the radii of influence from it will be pure and holy also. Go forth, then, into the spheres that you occupy, the employments, the trades, the professions of social life; go forth into the high places, or into the lowly places of the land;

mix with the roaring cataracts of social convulsions, or mingle amid the eddies and streamlets of quiet and domestic life ; whatever sphere you fill, carrying into it a holy heart, you will radiate around you life and power, and leave behind you holy and beneficent influences.

— J. CUMMING.

XXXIV. LIVE TO DO GOOD

1. “ Not to myself alone,”
 The little opening flower transported cries —
 “ Not to myself alone I bud and bloom.
 With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
 And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
 The bee comes sipping every eventide
 His dainty fill ;
 The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill.”

2. “ Not to myself alone,”
 The circling star with honest pride doth boast —
 “ Not to myself alone I rise and set ;
 I write upon night's coronal of jet
 His power and skill who formed our countless host ;
 A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
 I gem the sky,
 That man may ne'er forget, in every fate,
 His home on high.”

3. “ Not to myself alone,”
 The honey-laden bee doth murmuring hum —
 “ Not to myself alone from flower to flower
 I roam the wood, the garden, and the bower,
 And to the hive at evening weary come ;

For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
 With busy care,
 Content if he repay my ceaseless toil
 With scanty share."

4. "Not to myself alone,"
 The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings —
 "Not to myself alone I raise my song;
 I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
 And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
 I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
 And God adore;
 I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
 And sing and soar."
5. "Not to myself alone,"
 The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way —
 "Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
 I scatter health and life on every side,
 And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay.
 I sing unto the common bleak and bare
 My gladsome tune;
 I sweeten and refresh the languid air
 In droughty June."
6. "Not to myself alone,"
 O man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest —
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart —
 In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part;
 Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
 Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
 And self disown;
 Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God, —
 Not to thyself alone! — *Selected.*

XXXV. A TRUE LIFE

1. There is, even on this side of the grave, a haven where the storms of life break not, or are felt but in gentle undulations of the unrippled and mirroring waters; an oasis, not in the desert, but beyond it; a rest, profound and blissful as that of the soldier returned forever from the dangers, the hardships, and turmoil of war, to the bosom of that dear domestic circle whose blessings he never prized at half their worth till he lost them.

2. This haven, this oasis, this rest is a serene and hale old age. The tired traveler has abandoned the dusty, crowded, jostling highway of life, for one of its shadiest and least noted by-lanes. The din of traffic and of worldly strife has no longer magic for his ear. The myriad footfall on the city's stony walks is but noise or nothing to him now. He has run his race of toil, or trade, or ambition. His day's work is accomplished, and he has come home to enjoy, tranquil and unharassed, the splendor of the sunset, the milder glories of late evening.

3. Ask not whether he has or has not been successful according to the vulgar standard of success. What matters it now whether the multitude has dragged his chariot, rending the air with idolizing acclamations, or howled like wolves on his track, as he fled by night from the fury of those he had wasted his vigor to serve? What avails it that broad lands have rewarded his toil, or that all has, at the last moment, been stricken from his grasp? Ask not whether he brings into retirement the wealth of the Indies or the property of a bankrupt; whether his couch be of down or rushes, his dwelling a hut or a mansion.

4. He has lived to little purpose, indeed, if he has not long since realized that wealth and renown are not the true

ends of exertion, nor their absence the conclusive proof of ill fortune. Whoever seeks to know if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close — if the evening of his days shall be genial and blissful — should ask not for broad acres, or towering edifices, or laden coffers. Perverted old age may grasp these with the unyielding clutch of insanity; but they add to his cares and anxieties, not to his enjoyments. Ask rather, “Has he mastered and harmonized his erring passions? Has he lived a true life?”

5. A true life! Of how many may it be said, “They have not lived true lives!” The base idolater of self, who devotes all his moments, his energies, his thoughts, to schemes which begin and end in personal advantage; the grasper of gold, and lands, and tenements; the devotee of pleasure; the man of ignoble and sinister ambition; the woman of frivolity, extravagance, and fashion; the idler, the gambler, the voluptuary — on all these and their myriad compeers, while borne on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentle is the reproof, how charitable the judgment, of the world!

6. A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandizement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is vice alone that seems unaccountable — monstrous — well-nigh miraculous. Purity is felt to be as necessary to the mind as health to the body, and its absence alike the inevitable source of pain.

7. A true life must be calm. A life imperfectly directed is made wretched through distraction. We give up our youth to excitement, and wonder that a decrepit old age steals upon us so soon. We wear out our energies in strife for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and the worthlessness of the meed. "Is not the life more than meat?" Aye, truly! but how few have practically, consistently, so regarded it! And little as it is regarded by the imperfectly virtuous, how much less by the vicious and the worldling!

8. What a chaos of struggling emotions is exhibited by the lives of the multitude! How like the wars of the infuriated animalculæ in a magnified drop of water is the strife constantly waged in each little mind! How Sloth is jostled by Gluttony, Pride wrestled with by Avarice, and Ostentation bearded by Meanness! The soul which is not large enough for the indwelling of one virtue affords lodgment, and scope, and arena for a hundred vices. But their warfare cannot be indulged with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

9. A true life must be genial and joyous. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen may be very sure he has chosen amiss or is self-deceived. But not merely happier, he should be kinder, gentler, and more elastic in spirits, as well as firmer and truer. "I love God and little children," says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier by the presence of the innocent and lovely.

— HORACE GREELEY.

